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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDA*, JANUARY 13, 1877.



DRIAM

PRIG.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

rements with the assess.

serves a half-hour of pay.

In five minutes upon a to Pais for the trainpa and I white with floor and women wore in a learny, van. They lud each at thin an infant to look out, home-hold daties to bed by the air of the e-lida swelled, their hair t of velvel-papers, a fine a them cough, they has at on the arm, through it which the omnibuses

her days as a horse-block Risler gazed with a smile of the manufactory. The of all these rough people, ionate voices, unade his heart ildres accassed him without mess with long beards, half artists, grasped his hand as no were familiar with him. was in all this a little too was in all this a little too ity, for the good man had not be prestige and the authority sition, and there was a certain found this negligence very little person could not see ment, and the employer took the fast to give a vigorous thookine-per, Sigismood, who of all, and bare-headed—no se weather was—for fear of an outure of the person of the hear perfound esteem which heir first appearance at the from the distant time when ed together at the little corner which Sigismond Planta now due to he daily dish upon the list the wall.

of Fromont Jeune

arriage of Fromont Jeune nder the gateway. Since een out on business; and advancing towards the co-tin which they dwelt, at the garden, talked amica-

to see the Prochasons," suns. "They showed me a very perity ones, indeed!

nt disturbed. He felt him-his talent, in his experience; this was very confidential— track of a marvelous invenprinting press, something-appear anon. Whilst talk ppear anon. Whilst talk-the garden, laid out like a a trimmed in the form of old as the hotel, and with which hid the high, black

r awaited her husband for grew impalient at his good-With her hand she mo-"Make haste!" But Risler we it. He was altogether the infant Fromont, the isonge and Claire, who was blooming in her laces upon

so, my good Rister? Ev-

all, the father, the mother, searching gravely for a re-at tiny sketch of a being m with uncertain eyes, and with light. At her w, Sidonie leaned out to doing, and why her hus-

n it, were alike diagraceful

e stamped her foot, and mut-

her teeth: tile !" lof walting, she sent to no-breakfast was on the table; was getting along so nicely t know how so tear himself internal that know how so tear himself interrupt that explosion of ird-like cries. He contrived, arm the infant to her nurse, up the staircase, laughing was still laughing when he ning-room; but a look at his iminstantly, seated at the table before a dish. From her victim-like hinly to be seen that she was

se at last. Very good!" wn, a little ashumed.

ready asked you not to thee It is not genteel!"
we are alone?"
You will never learn how to our new fortunes. And suit? Nobody respects me tille scarcely salutes me when ille scarcely salutes me when is lodge. It is true that I sent, and that I have no car-

ere—littis one, thou—that is mow very well that thou— have the use of Madane pe. She puts it always at m." times must I say to you that under no obligation to that

b?

w, 'tis understood Madame
goddess. It is unlawful to
led as for me, I must resign
athing in the house, must alte humiliated, trodden unuar

Bittle one?"
Store to interpose, to say a
line dest Madane Chorche.
It was the worst of
advait. It was the worst of

with her tranquil sir, proved and wiched. In the states us.—I know it. As the poor fittle Sidenie, to worker playthings and the well; but now that I was and the will; but now that I

Sidonie, with a certain stateliness. "I shall receive them, on the contrary. "Tis my day!"

And in face of the astonished, confounded air of her husband, she resumed:

"Yes, tis my day! Madame Promont has one; I can have one also, I think!"

"Without doubt, without doubt," said the good Hisler, who looked around him with a little inquietude. "Tis then for that that I have seen so many flowers everywhere, upon the landing, in the salon?"

"Yos; this morning the servant went down into the garden. Have I done wrong. Oh, you do not say so, but I am sure you think that I have done wrong. Dame! I thought that the flowers of the garden were as much ours as theirs!"

"Cortainly—however thou—you—it would perhaps have been better—"

"To have asked for them? "Tis that—humilitate myself still more on account of a few miserable chyrsanthemums and two or three sprigs of verdure. But I did not hide myself to gather them, these flowers; and when she comes up here presently—"

"Is she coming? Ah, that's kind!"

Sidotie leaped to her feet, indignantly:

"How! "Tis kind? If that's all, may she stay away! I whe go every Wednesday to weary myself in her apartments with a pack of posers, of grimcure—"

She did not say that these Wednesdays of Madame Promont had been of great service to her, that they were for her like a weekly fashion journal, one of those little composite publications in which is set down the mode of entering, of exit, of saluting, of placing flowers upon a jardiniere and cigars in a smoking vase, without counting the engravings, the addition to all its contents of the names and addresses of good makers. Sidouie did not any either that she had entered all these friends of Claire, of whom she spoke so disdainfully, to visit her on her day, and that that day had been chosen by themselves.

Would they come? Would Madame Fisher Aire

themselves.
Would they come? Would Madame Fromont Jeune affront Madame Risler Aine by absenting herself from her first Friday? These thoughts worried her to the verge of

"But make haste," said Sidonie at each instant; "how long you are at breakfast, great heavens!"
The fact is that one of the habits of the

The fact is that one of the habits of the good Risler was to eat slowly, to light his pipe at table whilst taking his coffee in little sips. That day he was forced to renounce his beloved habits, to leave his pipe in its case because of the smoke, and as soon as the last mouthful was awallowed to go dress himself very quickly, for his wife insisted that he should be present that afternoon to salute the ladies.

What a sensation it caused in the manufactory when Risler Aine was seen descending, on a week day, in a black coat and fete cravat!

"Are you going to a wedding?" cried the

avat!
"Are you going to a wedding?" cried the
shier Sigismond, from behind his screen.
And Risier responded, not without some

And Risier responsion or ide:

"Tis my wife's day!"

"Tis my wife's day!"

"Soon everybody in the house knew that it was Sidonie's day; and Fure Achille, who was Sidonie's day; and Fure Achille, who was sidonie's day had broken off branches

took care of the garden, was not well against the beause they had broken off branches from the winter laurels of the entrance.

Scated before the board upon which he designed, under the clear light of the high windows, Risier had taken off his handsome cost, which worried him, had tucked up his ruffles all clean; but the idea that his wife awaited company preoccupied him, disquired him, and from time to time he rearranged himself to ascend to his apartments.

"No one has come?" asked be, timidly.

"No, Monsieur, no one?"

In the handsome red salom—for they had a salon in red damask, with a console between the windows, and a pretty table in the middle of the carpet covered with bright thosers—Sidonie was installed like a woman who receives, a circle of fauteuits and chairs around her. Here and there books, reviews, a little work-basket in the shape of a game-basket, ornamented with silk acorns, a bouquet of violets in a crystal glass and green plants in the jardinieres. All this was arranged exactly as in the salon of the Fromouts, on the flat below; only the taste, that invisible line which separates the cultured from the vulgar, was not yet refined. It might be called a mediocre copy of a pretty genre picture. The mistress of the house herself had a dress too new, she had rather the air of being on a visit then at home. To the eyes of Rusler all was superb, without reproach; he was about to say so on entering the salon, but before the angry look of his wife, the poor husband stopped short, intimidated.

"Do you see, it is four o'clock," said she, activity the termined the salon with a gesture of the contract of the co

ting the salon, but before the angry look of his wife, the poor husband stopped short, intimidated.

"Do you see, it is four o'clock," said she, pointing to the time-piece with a gesture of rage. "No one will come. But it is Claire above all who has astonished me by not coming. She is at home; of that I am certain. I have heard her."

In truth, since noon Sidomie had been stientive to the least noises on the flat below, the cries of the infant, a door that was closed. Risler wished to go down stairs again, to fise the conversation of the breakfast which seemed about to recommence; but his wife would not have it so. It was the least he could do to keep her company, when everybody ahandoned her, and he remained there, incapable, nailed to the spot, like those who dare not air during the thunder storm for fear of drawing the lighting upon them. Sidonie agitated herself, walked backwards and forwards in the salon, rang for her donseatic to bid her go sak Pere Achille if nobody had called for her. He was so spiteful, that Pure Achille. Purhapa, when anyone came, he would say that she had gone out.

Bet no, the concierge had not yet seen saybody!

Bilence and consternation! Sidonie was

Ah, if Ma me George could have heard what her net bor said of her and her friends!

At that momen and of her and her at that momen and of her and her at that momen and of her and her at that momen and her and meek, wheely, a poor old maid, humble and meek, wheely, a poor old maid, this visit to the wife of brother's cupiloge, and seemed staped, at the cordial reception she met with. That the cordial reception she met with. That the cordial her, they made much of her. Surrounded kind of you. Come close to the time surrounded that that her contained her self happing and her graces, happy to show herself in glory to an equal of the old times, and thisk thanks. Sidonie herself display all her graces, happy to show herself in glory to an equal of the old times, and thisk that the others below would hear that some one had come. For that reason she made as much noise as possible in rolling the fautouils, in pushing back the table; and when the old lady departed, dazaled, enchanted, confounded, she accompanied her to the stairway with a grand rustle of flounces, and cried out very loudly, as she learned upon the balusters, that she would be at home every Friday. "You understand, every Friday!"

It was now night. The two great lamps of the salon ware lighted. In the side apartment, they heard the domestic laying the cover. It was over. Madame Fromout June would not come!

Sidonie was pale with rage.

"The impertinent wretch will not even come up eighteen steps. Madame finds, doubtless, that we are too humble for her. Oh, but I will avenge myself!"

And in proportion as she gate vent to her ree in unjust words, her voice became vulgar, took intonations of the Faubourg, a common accent which betrayed the former apprentice of the Le Mire workshop.

Risler had the misfortune to speak a word. "Who knows? Perhaps the infant was sick."

Furious, she turned upon him as if she wished to bite him.

Furious, she turned upon him as if she

Furious, she turned upon him as if she wished to bite him.
"Will you ever stop bothering me with that infant? What has happened is your fault. You do not know how to make me respected."
And whilst the door of her chamber, violently closed, made the globes of the lamps and all the ornaments of the etageres tremble, Risler, left alone, immovable in the middle of the salon, looked with an air of consternation upon his white ruffles, his large varuished boots, and murmured mechanically:
"My wife's day!"

TRUE PEARL AND PALSE PEARL.

THUE PEABL AND FALSE PEABL.

"What is the matter with her? What have I done to her?" Claire Fromont often asked of berself as abe thought of Sidonie. She was altogether ignorant of what had formerly passed between her friend and George at Savigny. With her life so pure, her soul so tranquil, it was impossible for her to conjecture what jealous and sordid ambition had been growing up heside her for fifteen years. However, the enigmatical look, which smiled upon her coldly on that pretty face, troubled her, she did not know why. To a studied politeness, strange on the paft of a friend from childhood, had succeeded all at once an ill-disguised anger, a severe and cutting tone before which Claire stood amazed as before a problem. Sometimes also a singular presentiment, the vague intuition of a great misfortune was added to this inquiettude; for women are all a little clarivoyant and even among the most ingenuous, the profound ignorance of evil lights up sudden visions of an astonishing lucidity.

From time to time, in the train of a chat

evil lights up sudden visions of an astonish-ing lucidity.

From time to time, in the train of a chat a little long, of one of those unforseen meet-ings in which the faces taken unawares let-their true thoughts be seen, Madame Fro-mont reflected seriously upon this singular little Sidonie; but life was there, active, pressing, with its envelopment of affections, of preoccupations, and did not allow her the time to stop for these minutes.

little Sidonie; but life was there, active, pressing, with its envelopment of affections, of preoccupations, and did not allow her the time to stop for these minutuse.

There comes, in truth, an age for woman in which existence has turns of route so sudden that all the horizons change, all the points of view are transformed.

A young girl, this friendship which departed from her piece by piece, as if torn away by an evil hand, would have filled her with much sorrow. But she had lost her father, the greatest, the sole love of her youth; then she had married. The infant had come with its adornable necessities for every moment. Besides, she kept near her been mother almost in second childhood, stuperied yet by the tragic death of her husband. In a life so occupied, the caprices of Sidonie had but little place; and hardly had Claire Fromont been astonished by her marriage with Risler. Evidently, he was too old for her; but, after all, what odds since they loved each other.

As to vexing herself because the little Chebe had arrived at such a high position, become almost her equal, her very superior nature was incapable of such littleness. She had desired with all her beart, on the contrary, to see happy and respected this young wife who dwelt near her, lived, so to speak, of her life, and had been her companion in childhood. Very affectionately, she had tried to instruct her, to initiate her into the usages of society, as one does with a country girl well-endowed, who lacks but little to become charhing.

Between two young and pretty women, advise is not accepted freely. When Madame Fromont, on the day of a grand dinner, took Madame Risler into her chamber, and amiling aweetly upon her, in order to say to her without displeasing her:

"Too many jewels, pretty one; and, do you see, with high corsage dresses they do not put flowers in the bast," Sidonie blushed, thanked her frieud, but in her beart inscribed choother grievance against her.

In Claire circle of friends, she had been rather coldly received.

d another grievance against her. In Claire's circle of friends, she had been

ther coldly received.

The Faubourg Saint Germain has its pre-matons; but the Marais has its pretensions

tensions; but the Maran new say also?

These wives and daughters of industrial princes, of rich manufacturers, knew the history of the little Chebs, found in it noth-ing but her present position to entitle her to be among them.

Sidonie had much to learn. There remained in her somewhat of the store-girl. Her amiability a little forced, too humble sometimes, reminded one of the false ton of the shops; and her disclainful attitudes recalled the superb mieu of those head ladies who, in the fancy goods emporiums, decked in robes of black silk which they retarn to the clotheseroom each evening when they depart, regard with an imposing air, from the loftimes of their head-dresses with great curls, the inferior people who heat down prices.

She felt herself examined, criticised, and her timidity was obliged to arm liself, for war. The names pronounced before her, the pleasuses, the fetes, the books of which they talked were unknown to for. Chaire did her best to post her, kept her on the surface with a friendly hand always outstretched; but, among these ladies, many thought Sidonie pretty. They considered it sufficient that they consented to her calree into their world. Others, proud of the position of their husbands, of their wealth, could not show enough insolent silence, enough condescending politeness to humiliate the litte parvenue.

Sidonie confounded them all in a single word: the friends of Claire, that is to say her enemies! But she only bore ill-will seriously to one.

The two partners suspected nothing of what was passing between their wives.

Risler Aine, always absorbed in his printing press invention, remained sometimes with the middle of the night at he table of

The two partners suspected nothing of what was passing between their wives.

Risler Aine, always absorbed in his printing press invention, remained sometimes until the middle of the night at his table of design. Fromont Jeune passed his days shroad, breakfasted at his club, and was scarcely ever at the manufactory. He had his ceasons for that.

The propinquity of Sidonic troubled him. That passionate caprice he had had for her, that love sacrificed to the last wishes of his uncle too often traversed his memory with all the regret of the irreparable; and feeling maelf feeble, he fied. His was a soft her, without resource, intelligent enough to witself, too weak for self-control. On the serious of only a few months—he had experienced fouly a few months—he had experienced the same dwing, as the ladies woulded seeing her silve resolution, he had ing of her. Unformately, as they inhabited the same dwing, as the ladies meetings brought them too, her; and there took place that singular thit, hat the bushand, wishing to remain fail, descretch his household altogether and high for clial life; and during these absences, a sealous in her new duties of wife and of mother, she invented long tasks, work of all kinds, promenades for the infant, stations in the sun prolonged and calm, from which she returned delighted at the progress of the baby, penetrated with her little joys and langhter in the open air, with somewhat of their radiance in the depths of her serious eyes.

Nidonie also went out much. Often, to wards night, George's carrague as it pened.

of their radiance in the depths of her service eyes.

Sidonie also went out much. Often, towards night, George's carriage as it passed the portal, made step saide quickly Madaine. Risler in superb toilet, returning after iong walks in Paris. The Boulevard, the displays of goods, the purchases lingeringly made as if to reliab the novel pleasure of buying, kept her very late from home. They exchanged a salutation, a cold look at the turn of the stairway; and George entered his apartments hustily as if they were a refuge, hiding under a flood of careases, bestowed upon the linfant which was held out to him, the shock he had suddenly experienced.

Sidonie seemed to remember nothing, and to have kept only contempt for that cowardly and weak nature. Besides, she had many other preoccupations.

In their red salon, between the two windows, her husband had installed a piano.

After much hesitation, she had decide it to learn to sing, thinking it a little late for her to begin the plano; and twice a week Madame Dobson, a pretty, blonde sentimentalist, came to give her lessons at one o'clock in the afternoon. In the silence of the great surrounding court-yards, those a—a—, those o—o—o, prolonged with perseverence, gave to the manufactory the aspect of a boarding-school.

It was, truly, a school-girl who was practicing there, a little soul inexperienced and wavering, full of unavowed desires, having all to learn and to know in order to become a true woman. Only her ambition did not soar above the surface of things:

"Claire Fromont plays upon the piano; as for me I will sing. She passes for an elegant and cultured woman, I want them to say as much of me!"

Without thinking fer a moment of in-Sidonie also went out much. Often, to

"Claire Fromont plays upon the piano; as for me I will sing. She passes for an elegant and cultured woman, I want them to say as much of me?"

Without thinking fer a moment of instructing herself, she passed her time in running to the shops, the furnishers: "What will they wear this winter?" She had a penchant for costly finery, for all that strikes the eyes of the passers.

Of those false pearls that she had so long handled, there had remained a trace at the tips of her fingers, a little of their sham mother-of-pearl, of their hollow fragility, of their lustre without depth. She was herself a false pearl, round, brilliant, well-set, in which the vulgar would crop out; but Claire Fromont was a true pearl, of a brilliancy at ouce rich and discreet, and when they were seen together, e difference made itself feit. It was plain that the one had been a pearl always, a pretty little pearl from infancy, increased by the elements of elegance, of distinction which had made a nature rare and precious. The other, on the contrary, was truly the work of Paris, that worker in false gems who sends forth thousands of vanities, charming, brilliant, but not solid, badly assorted, badly put together: a very product of the little trade of which she had been a part.

That which Sidonie begrudged most of all to Claire was the infant, the luxurious baby, covered with ribbons from the curtains of her cradle to the bonnet of her nurse. She did not think of the sweet duties, full of patience and abnegation, of the long rockings of difficult slumbers, of the laughing awakings sparkling like fresh water. No! In the lufant she saw only the promenade. 'Twas so pretty, that dashing arrangement of floating baby-clothes and long feathers which follows young mothers in the whirlwind of the streets. She had to accompany her only her parents or her husband. She preferred to go out alone. He had such a carrious fashion of playing the lover, this good Risher, toying with his wife as with a child, pinching her with his big, tender eyes like an affec

At the same time, Sidonie had weed away the Delobelles also, whe pinquity worried her. But the Ms a centre for the old actor, on assess pex limity of the theatres of the Bre besides, Desires clung, list, all peaced that had been and welling, wapped in an winter after four o'clock; accessed a friend, a familiar face that the sun up sometisses as with a smile on count. Sidonie, not being able to a count, Sidonie, not being able to a count, Sidonie, not being able to a count, and the sun up sometisses as with a smile on count. Sidonie, not being able to a count, and all smough without the annuaments that Chaire Fromes precured for her. Each time this was an irritation. She thought:

"All must come to use through her?"

And when, at dinner time, and years hox or an invitation for the evening, whilst dressing, charmed to display herself, she thought only of crushing her rival. These occasions, besides, had become rars, Claire being more and more occupied with her infant. However when Grandfather Gardinois made a trip to Paris, he never neglected to re-unite the two households. The gaiety of the old countryman had need, in order to bloom, of this little Sidonie whom his pleasantries did not scare. He took them all four to dine at Philippe's, his favorite restaurant, of which he knew the proprietors, the waiters, the butter, spent a great deal of money, and from these conducted them to a box hired in advance as the Opera Comique or at the Palais-Royal.

At the theatre he laughed oudly, talked familiarly with the fensale lox-openers as with the waiters at Philippe's demanded in a high tone foot-stools for the ladder, and at the departure wanted the ovelouts, the furs, before anylody else, as if bewere the only a partyput three times millionare in the half. For these parties a little vulgar, which her hands were the only a partyput three times millionare in the half, and the heads of the second o

to grazing) globe when The same

Europe from Illie delphia in was fitted the pure

under hers!

Then, when the blue coupe came to tag
the Fromonts at the door of the theatre,
the first time she began thinking that and
all that woman had stolen her place, and
that she had the right to strive to regain it!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How the Indians Clins Trees.—In South America even the wealess woman may be not uncommonly seen picking the fruit at the tree tops. If the bark is so smooth and slippery that they cannot go up by climbing, they use other means. They make a hoop of wild vines, and putting their feet inside hey use it as a support in climbing. The negro of the west coast of Africa makes a larger hoop around the tree and gets inside, and jerks it up the tree with his hands, a little at a time, drawing his legs up after it. The Tahitlan hoys tie their feet together, four or five inches apart, with a piece of palm bark, and with the ald of this fetter go up the cocca paims to gather nuts. The native women of Australia climb the gum trees after opossums; where the bark is rough they chop holes with a hatchet, then one throws about the tree a rope twice as long as will go around it, puts her hatchet on her cropped head, and, placing her feet against the tree and greaping the rope with her hands, she hitches it up by jerks, and pulls herself up the onormous trunk almost as fast as a man will climb a ladder.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

In a memorial of "The International Association for obtaining a uniform decimal system of Measures, Weights and Coins," presented to Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer, in March, 1869 it is estimated that the adoption of the Metric System would save in the management of the London & Northwestern R. R. £10,000 (\$50,000) a year; and in the various departments of five Majesty's (fovernment not less than £500,000 (\$2,500 000) every year. When we consider that this cotaputation was made by competent anthorities, and remember that the amount named would be saved every gear by a single railroad, it is evident that the total saving made by the adoption of the Metric weights and measures would be almost incredibly large. The same proportionate asving w uld be effected in every market, store, factory, counting-room, in short everywhere, for in business life nearly every sentence spoken or written contains some expression of quantity.

THE Orpheonic societies, in Europe, ar to hold a monater re-union in Paris during the Exposition of 1978. An appropri concerted piece for a charms 6000 strong in course of preparations.

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The ing res change market

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nea. From a last surplies, and that lines evel that lines evel the greatening of the greatening and few English the choice specimens of To understand, however, the the control of the con chagerie. To understand, however, enormous labor bestowed upon that porof female dress, it is necessary to see a seen in hand, and to see this it is necessary to enter a convent. We enter, then, ye, air, whitewashed room with a craover the mantelpiece, and religious to painted on the wais. It has large on each side, and seldom any kind and to keep of the dazgling light of nummer. Sitting on high benchus enormous labo on each side, and seldom any kind a training of the dazzling light of summer. Sitting on high benches backs are twenty, thirty, fifty girls, the seldom and the committee of the

Nor the la the Paris music. in which

THE STATE OF STATE OF

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E OF LIFE on coming, to green earth's a dress a longity unrest. idelity and immortality

DRIAM SPRING.

a respect, a wisering roce, serial year and over; answer a wholming nave, the brigal, and is grove.

related from the Germa of John Fan Descall for the LATURDAY

[This stery was commenced in No. 29, Vol. Back numbers can always be obtained].

RVINING POS

A year passed, a long series of disappointments and sufferings, an erdiest train of painful days and hours, how slewly, how wratchedly did it creep by hew much I had to bear! I almost sunk under the burden! The storm of life had shaken me; a tempest had seized me and swept away all the tender blossoms of spring; the strong, young tree was nearly rooted but, but thank God, the worst was over. Labor, incesant hard work was the opiate hat cothed my pain, was the balm for rep bleeding heart; feverish activity was the remedy with which I quieted my mind, and overcame those cruel recollections of the past, and those imaginings which drowing almost to lessnity. I have fought like a hero, and have conquered at last!

But I awent to worse!

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VENTE.

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great-nglish

large kind ht of sches girls, four

of ng

"In each woe a blessing feised."

I worked realessly, gave myself up entiely to study, to find oblivion for my grief, and I reaped the fruit of my labor; my industry brought me good profit, rich reward. Increased my knowledge and gained money and fame. My design for the new Theorie in W—— received the prize, and from the papers. I beame known.

When I left Dresden, as mentioned above, a seemed an etemity, before I reached Berin. I was all impatience to see Addagain. I hastened to the hotel, and found early the first the seemed of the seemed and from the old Stanisrath and Frau Schulz am oppromed, embarrussed frame of mind. Adda was not vipible. I almost fainted fast and was now faviling win her husband was now faviling win her has a win faviling the first of the first win of the several and the se

moule that she made within a forward and into the same a forward in the semi sale semi Concerning Ma les reache the sw days, so wil-entie malen.

se for bei bis metting more claimed and the second is look feed very retty girl oped; the happeared rmeniou lled curl arrange entirely 2 . If she Cloys C. It: Adds!" the Adds of the Adds o

of the same the blander she had comof and how he been count of the old gentlete account when the communication with the communicatile a White communication with the communication of the communication with the communication of the comm

doar merning my prospects, I have buried in over. I will abor, make a name for the life gain riches if possible, and see the life. I will traval in order to enlarge my the life of the life in the life of the li many, Belgium becun to learn a. I have als

away for two years, will acquire and enjoy, it may be, that a happier life will open for me in a distant land.

By the way may villa in Loechwitz Town I own still. I could several times have sold it profitably, but I cling closely to that charming little spot. It is rented now; strangers gather my flowers and enjoy my fruit—later perhaps, in the far-off future I, myself, may settle there. It is no sweet to possess a home, however small, that one can call his own, a haven of refuge in all changes.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XI.

In the summer of 1860 I arrived by the Southern railway at Paris, coming directly from the Pyrenean peninsula. Browned by the hot sun of Spain, I entered the capital of France full of the impressions of a strange world, satisfied, almost surfeited with the wealth of color of the South. I had recovered from the greatest pain that life brings. I was a man again, and my mind had at last regained its balance; only seldom now did a sorrowful shadow of remembrance pass over my soul, disappearing as quickly as it came. The beautiful, fickle Adda presented herself before me only in my dreams and then against my will.

I came to Paris to remain some months, in order to complete my studies. I could look back with some pride on the last year, for I had been very active abroad. My portfolios were filled, I had gained new prizes, new honors and rich rewards. I was a new-made man; instead of losing on my journey, I had filled my purse and had sent home a small fortune and invested it safely. I was young strong, and felt an untiring energy for work. I was free from care and happy, for to obtain success in a vocation which has become dear to us is, perhaps, one of the purest and highest pleasures on earth.

How rejolced I was that I could now spend

armost as little to draw on a good road, ne trots along almost uninenumbered; while one, sitting above on the cool, elastic seat, seems rather to fly than to drive, and can look about him freely. My horse was a pretty, feet animal, with good lungs and strong legs, a real cheed de maitrease, easy in the hand, swift and quiet. Like an arrow we fit over the Macadam, in the shade in the hand, swift and quiet. Like an arrow we fly over the Macadam, in the shade of the trees to the Champs Elysees, then up the wide avenues to the Arc de Triumphe. Here I turned off to the right into the Avenue d'Essling, and took the direction to Anniers. I stopped a minute on the long stone bridge and surveyed the splendid panorams of the winding Seine, with its lovely shores, and the crowd below me on the water; the stamboats, the hundreds of small boats and gondolas with their particolored, merry human freight, their waving streamers and shining sails. But already the hoofs of my borse clattered on the pavement of Asnierss; we went at a slow pace up the steep bank of the river, continually ment of Asnieras; we went at a slow up the steep bank of the river, continu passing villas and country houses, parks gardens, as far as Argenterit gardens, as far as Argentenii. Here I again crossed the Seine, and leaving the picturesque heights of Samois and Le Gratlen on my left, I arrived in a few minutes at Enghein les Bains, the favorite resort of fashionable Paris.

Before the botel of the Quatre Pavillons I sprang to the ground, and giving up to the groom the care of carriage and horse, I took I my sketch-book and wandered into the winding paths of the park. What a comfortable idolce far mente to sit there under the overhanging trees on the shore of the lake! The sunbeams glittered on the broad surface of the water, ruffied by a fragrant breeze that brought the half vanishing harmonies and melodies of music, now almost dying away, now lightly swelling out again. Hundreds of gayly painted gondolas, adorned with flags, floated on the lake; and the waves, gently fulling to sleep, splashed against the wooden pier. Merry little parties sit and lounge on the grass in the shade or under the pavilions. They have left hot, dusty Paris for a few hours to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the coolness here; everywhere bright garments, waving veils and Before the botel of the Quatre Pavillor

shining eyes glimmer through the foliage. Children play with balls and hoops, and, down on the shore, pretty girls with broad straw hats, eager for prey, threw their fishing lines into the water. Everywhere there is pleasure, light, sunshine and merriment. On charming Eughein? Oh beautiful, enchanting France? Yes, how pleasantly one dreams here under the trees, lightly rustling and tossing now and then into one's lap a withered leaf. How softly does the refreshing air fan one, as it wanders down from the adjacent mountains across the sea, bringing coolness? It is an attractive, only little piace, this Eughein, a little Paradise. Since the reign of Louis XVIII, who, by the advice of his physicians, used the sulphur-baths here, Eughein has come into fashion, the court and the elegant Parisian world began from that time to make excusions thither, and it needed only this impulse to bring it quickly into vogue. Nature had done so much; art lent a helping hand. Round the lake they had made parks, built castles, hotels, villas and cottages; they had laid out streets and railroads. The lake d'Enghien is six thousand pacce long and half as wide, and is from one to three metres deep; its surplus waters flow through a canal to the Seine, and near it lies the attractive, coquettish Moulin la Galette. Two railroads by way of St. Denis and Argentenil accommodate the very lively intercourse between the capita! and merry Eughien. People drive out, arrange little regatas in the giided gondolas, gather flowers, sup, drink milk fresh from the cow, ride on donkeys, swing, croquet and dance contra-dances and polkas on the green grass, or listen to lively music till it is time to return home, when they throng to their various vehicles to drive, in the darkness of night, the short distance to great, bustling Paris-doujour spail and half as one flower in the monolight, a glass of Seltser water, a kiss, a sigh, a look and one lies down upon his bed with the connectousness of having spent a pleasant day.

I had long since finished my ca

This sarry was commenced by Re. 20, vol.

In and members was through the elasticated, and the control of the process of the control of the process of the pr

slowly. I saw also the cause of her exclamation. Two young girls, who were fishing there were trying hard to draw to land
a large carp which they had caught. People
ran thither from all directions and I too followed out of curiosity to see the sight.
There lay the poor carp, gasping and writhing on the grass, with the hook still sticking
in his awkward upper gill, and they crowded around it as if it were a prodigy.

There stood that lady too; I saw her

ed around it as if it were a prodigy.

There stood that lady too; I saw her large dark eyes sparkling behind her veil, saw how she clapped her hands with delight and heard her cry: "O quel poisson, quel joil poisson." She was all life and gayety. Now she threw back her veil and bent down in order to see better, and then she rose again and looked around. Oh, those beamagain and looked around. Oh, those beaming eyes, the sunny, roguish light lurking behind the long lashes—yes, those were Margot's eyes, that was Margot herself! Just as she opened her mouth to say something to her companion those eyes met mine; they remained fastened on my face; then they grew startled, looked inquiringly and flashed up with bright joy; warmly and affectionately those eyes sought mine, an exclamation of delight escaped her lips, a little scream—and Margot stood at my side, with outstretched hands and smiling lips, sunny, fresh and charming.

with outstretched bands and smiling lips, sunny, fresh and charming.

What a glorious creature? "Yes, indeed, it is you?" she cried, drawing a deep breath and grasping my hands. I was almost speechless with surprise and j.y.

"Margot?" I exclaimed, delighted, "what a happy chance—oh, how glad I am to see you again?"

on again!"

She looked at me critically and smilingly

She looked at me critically and smilingly with her bright, expressive eyes and again pressed my hand.

"Truly this is a lucky day, a joyful meeting "she said in German; "how heartily glad I am that fortune has been so favorable

How it affected me that here in a foreign

ber eyes, her smiles; there was the same play around the mou h, the same roguery, the same voice. Oh, she knew very well how attrastive she was to me.

"I have changed much; is it not so, Herr Wagner?" she said quietly. "You could hardly recognize me, besides you had really forgotten me." With that she smilingly shook her finger and added, "but in spite of all I am sometimes in private quite the old Margot."

She pressed my hand once more, I raised hers to my lips and released it. Then she slowly turned round and with a look summoned her astonished companion, who stood a little aside and understood not a syllable of what we said. She introduced us to each other, calling him Baron Viroffe, a friend of her family. We each bowed, said a few politic words and put on our hats again.

"And now let me conduct you to my two ounts, who fill the place of a mother to me." she said again, in the German lan-

"And now let me conduct you to my two annts, who fill the place of a mother to me," she said again, in the German language, as if she knew that it would please me to hear the beloved sound. "He very amiable to them, they have already heard of you,—you are an old acquaintance through what I have told them. Oh, you will visit us in Paris and be with us very often, will you not, Monsieur? But here we are."

The old ladies gased with some surprise at the fish which their niece had caught, but scarcely had she mentioned my name when they bade me welcome with that affability which is peculiar to cultivated French people and which affects very pleasantly the recipient of it. They asked me how I liked Paris? how long I had been there? and when I answered "Six weeks," Margot cried out quite indignant:

"How! six weeks and you have not come to see us! Are you not ashamed, Herr Wagner? I am really angry at you; that was not friendly of you?"

"But, Madamoiselle?" I replied.

"Oh, no apologies, sir!" she cried, eagerly and motioned me away with her hand. "Sio I am quite banished from your recollection,—I owe it only to chance that I see you again? Six weeks, Mon Dieu?"

She blushed deep while saying this and appeared seriously angry.

"Yet you must listen to me, Madamoselle," I returned smilling at her warmth, "for you do me a serious wrong. I had no idea that you were living in Paris. I should have sought you in Orleans, your native town, rather than just here."

"But, dear me," she interrupted me; "did you not know through Aunt I vernois? are you then no longer in correspondence with her, Herr Wagner?"

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"I had deed in assent." I eame directly from Spain, and have seldom received news from home. If I had an idea that you were nearly wit

curls and a short black cashmere dress," I teased her.

"Yes, and crookedly trodden heels, for which you always laughed at me and would make me believe that they were so because the earth is round," she helped me.

"And what became of our stolen interview? Had it no bad consequences?"

"Oh, not much—I lied myself out of it as well as I could; I had the nose-bleed or something of that kind; I came out considerably well, with two ciphers and a severe lecture. No one imagined the truth."

Margot now turned to her aunts and related to them in a few words our adventures at that time and when the good ladies appeared rather shocked she laughingly cried.

"Oh mes petites tautes, it was not so bad as you think, for I was then not fourteen years old, and Monsieur was a poor invalid, with a gun-shot wound in his arm and a still greater wound in his heart."

I blushed and they all laughed at me.

I blushed and they all laughed at me.
The Baron von Virofle did not seem much charmed with this conversation about old times. I believe that he was courting Margot and felt himself rather pushed aside at my sudden entrance into the little circle. He pulled at his gloves and smiled in a forced way; but the two aunts were kindness itself and seemed very amused at Margot's droll way of telling the incident. An hour passed away thus and it appeared to me only a few minutes. Fortunately my engagement with Mr. Jules Bonneville occurred to me at the right time. I rose and engagement with Mr. Jules Bonneville oc-curred to me at the right time. I rose and took leave of the ladies; but before I went they would make me promise to visit them and, of course, I. joyfully acceeded to their wishes

and, or course, I by furly accessed to their wishes.

"This, then, is Margot, my little Margot; Oh; how tall and beautiful she has grown and how kind and unaffected she is, just as formerly." So I thought as I walked showly over to the depot. The form of any little bride again presented itself before my mind, I saw again the little, slim, impulsive girl, with sharp elbows, tangled curla and excited face, with the shrewd, roguish eyes, sparkling with vitality and mischief. And then I thought of the Margot that I had just left, of her charming, attractive appearance. then I thought of the Margot that I had just left, of her charming, attractive appearance, her slender, gracefully-moulded figure, of her lovely, intellectual face with its glorious sparkling eyes and the smooth, shining hair. What changes had three years produced in her! From the child had grown a young lady, the brown complexion had become white and brilliant, the awkward move-ments wereful and trable are the wearwhite and orilinant, the awkward move-ments graceful and noble and yet she was quite the old Margot; her manner was just as hearty and frank, her eyes smiled just as warmly and kindly on meeting her friend. Oh, how I thanked my good star that it had How it affected me that here in a foreign land after many years I should see my little Margot again as a tall, beautiful girl? Ob, how all the old memories rose before my mind; how happy I was. I had to look at her again and again till she blushed.

All, Margot. I cried, overjoyed, "do I not dream? Is it really you? How you have changed!" Was the beautiful young lady now standing so blooming before me, was that really the little, wild Margot of the old time, my little bride at Dresden? How tall she had grown, how charmingly she had developed. But those were indeed

"Strange," thought I, as lying in my bed in the evening, I meditated upon the expres-sions of the day. "Strange that we spoke not a word of Adda." I do not remember ever to have slept so restlessly as on that night. I dreamed that bells were ringing all around me, and that I was floating on the wide sea in the sunshine. I felt in heart and soul as cheerful and hopeful as a child before Christmas.

Life had all at once gained a new attraction for me; I had found a family in Paris among whom I was soon quite at home, and I had Margot, with whom I could talk freely. She took a hearty interest in me and endeavored in some degree to do the honors of her native land for me. Yes, when I came to Margot, it was always sunshine. She had said so much in my favor to her aunts that they had made it very pleasant, very homelike for me in their little household. In storing weather, I often ast in the evening in the handsome salon with its thousand knick-knacks, and played a game of piquet or ombre with the ladies; and was, in a fortnight, regarded so much as one of the family, that, contrary to the French custom, which is very strict with unmarried ladies, they sometimes permitted me to take Morgot for a short walk. I imagine besides that Margot had told her aunts that it was the German custom, to banish from their minds any unnecessary scruples. Yes, those were happy, bright days. I worked again with so much seal and pleasure, I studied again so willingly, for Margot sympathized in my studies as in my amusements. There was some one to whom my successes gave pleasure, with whom I could talk about what interested me. How quickly ahe comprehended everything, how astonished I was at her correct judgment, her refined taste! Oh beautiful time, when we walked or drove out, either alone or with the good old aunts to inspect this or that specimen of architecture; it was always a festival for me. Or when we two made our little expeditions over the Boulevard, through the parks, happy as children; or on rainy days sat together, bent over maps, and I told Margot of Spain and Italy, or talked with her of old times. We did not then notice how quickly time passed. Margot was soon like a dear, beloved aister, like a sympathizing friend to me; I was proud of her beauty, her genuine womanly grace, and original, warm-hearted trait of character in the girl which had a refreshing and exciting influence upon me. "Oh, would that this could a

"In Trouville, then? I require differently as possible.

"Yes, for four weeks, perhaps."

"And Uncle Blunt, is he still the same?"

I asked, forcing a smile, "you certainly know, Margot," and I drew up my cycbrows—"no longer 'Uncle Saltinbanque?"

"He is still just the same."

"And be actually exhibits his white guinea.

"And he actually exhibits his white guinea

pig, and is it as handsome as ever?"
"Oh, mon ami, do not jest, it does not come from your heart. Adda has become a grand grand lady, she lives in great style, and is much admired and flattered; her husband kisses her slipper. You would scarcely rec-ognize her, but I am convinced the new Adda would lead you into just the same folly as the old."

I do not know, I had always the feeling that Margot concealed from me much more than she communicated. I almost think that she considered me still in love. She studied and sounded my mood, and the degree of my sorrow, in her sympathetic, amiable way; at least her shrewd eyes often rested inquiringly upon me. She never hegan first to speak of Adda. It also appeared to me sometimes as if she was more quiet gain met to speak of Adda. It also appeared to me sometimes as if she was more quiet and considerate than had been her habit formerly. What I had heard involuntarily occupied me much the more. Just these little half intimacies of Margot agitated me, and some remarks about Mr. Biunt from the old ladies were really alarming to me. They appeared to consider any association. They appeared to consider any association on the part of their niece with Mrs. Blunt

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CREAM COORIES.—One cup of sagar, one of cream, one teaspoon of salerains, a 1822e sail. Rich or plain as you like: the quality of the cream determines that.

CREAR CARRS.—Two eggs, one-half sup-ream, one cup sugar, tempoon baking pow-fer, or half the quantity of soils if the cream is sour; and a little sail.

Is sour; and a little man.

BREAD CARE... FOUR cups dough, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup cream, two cags, one teaspoin asteratus. Bits with the hands and add a little flour, also fruit and agrees to suit the taste; and let it rise well before baking.

NOFTEN a cake in haif a pint of inke-warm water; then stir in flour till it has the consist-ence of bread spange; let it rise two or three hours, and then when light, sponge your bread as with soft yeast. I would suggest that old mosquito netting is good to tie the hops to boil.

COLD TONGUE ONELET.—Cut the ellows very thin, bent up three came with some chopped parsley, marjoran, salt, pepper, and grabed nutmer. Put in the frying-pan a little oil or fat. Mix the slices of tongue with the besten eggs, turn it into the can, fry it nicely, put the onnelet on a dish with a sheet of white paper under: garnish with parsley.

paper under: garmin with passes,

EATING FRUIT.—Fruit should be eate
food, not as a postline; it should be calc
the table, as a postline; it should be calc
the table, as a postline of the regular is
but sparingly at late means. All cooked
impairs the power of the stomach to di
uncooked substances; therefore, so less
we are accustomed to cooked food, we a
be careful in regard to the time when we
fruits in their natural state. Hence, so
as we are accustomed to cooked food,
stomach will always digest fruit in its
ural state better in the early than in the
ter part of the day.

as we are accustomed to cooked road, the stomach will always digest fruit in the natural state better in the early than in the latter part of the day.

YEART CARE.—Roll one handful of hops in three quarts of water one hour. Seak two and one-half cakes in milkwarm water. Pour the boiling hop water on to flour to make a thin hatter and when it is cool enough attribe cake. Let it stand over night to rise; then put in meal county to make it stiff, and cut it out. They should not be dried in the aun, but a cloudy, 'orggy spell of washer should be avoided it possible. With a little care they may be dried without souring.

To KERP NAILS PROM RUSTINS.—When nails begin to rust, it is almost impossible to stop them from becoming eaten away in a very short time; in this case prevention is better than curs. Mix teep phis of timesel eli with two ounces of black head, stirring until the whole is thoroughly incorparated head the unils red hot and steep them in the mixture. They should then be well drained and shaker up in an oid nall-bag until try. The inseed oil and black lead cover them with a film of varnish which is impervious to well. The above proportions will serve for an almost twelfmitte quantity.

The Leg of mutton is the most profitable joint, containing the most solid mest. The breast does well for kitchen dinner, nicely stuffed, it is much cheaper than other joints. Sitroins sand rise of the them of the containing the most solid mest. The neck is an extrawagant joint, that if we well for kitchen dinner, nicely stuffed, is much cheaper than other joints. Sitroins sand rise of the found of the count of the buttock, and the gard addition the top aide " are the most profitable for family eating. The mouse buttock is and though the found that it is not of hearing the paide is a family to out one of stewing reduction of hums, haven, ponitry, flesh, nort place let your " stand, " holding from half a pour place let your " stand, " holding from half a

To MAKE SAUER-KRAUT—In the first place let your "stand," holding from half a barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scaled out; the cutter, the tub, and the stamper size scaled. Take off all the outer leaves of the cabbages, halve them and remove the heart and proceed with the cutting. Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of sait, fill in a half bashel of cuttenbage, stamp genity till the jules just makes its appearance, then add another handful of ant, and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on the top a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on the top lay a stone weighing 20 or is pounds. Stand away in a cool place. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabbage should be cut tolerably coarse.

that I did not even know Adda's place of residence.

"Then you do not pay the least attention to what is going on in the world," she cried, "that is quite incredible to me, Herr Wagner. Well, they settled down here soon after their marriage, and last winter I visited Adda sometimes, but she leads a fashionable life, while we live quite retired, so it happens that we really meet very seldom. We move in quite different circles, that means here in Paris as much as: "One lives among the Chinese, the other at the Cape of Good Hope."

It occurred to me that Margot did not speak as frankly as usual.

"At present the Blun's are in Trouville," she added.

How strangely my heart beat at hearing.

can be made more acceptable to the taste of invalids than bolled rice.

"At present the Blunts are in Trouville," she added.

How strangely my heart beat at hearing Adda's name! How it awoke m my breast feelings which I believed long since dead! Did the fire still burn faintly under the ashes? Had the beautiful, faithless image been hidden in my heart imperceived by me? Folly—nothing but a slight emotion—what is Mrs. Blunt to me? May she live and be happy!

Margot looked attentively at me. She sat against the light; her face in half-shadow, but I saw her eyes shine.

"In Trouville, then?" I inquired, as indifferently as possible.

"Yes, for four weeks, perhaps."

"And Uncle Blunt, is he still the same?"

I asked, forcing a smile, "you certainly know, Margot," and I drew up my eyebrows—"no longer Uncle Saltinbanque?"

"He is still just the same."

"And he actually exhibits his white guinea

Br. T. F. Genrand has sequired a reputation as the leading Cosmetician of the United States. His unquestioned pre-emi-nence has generally secured him in a long career from the assaults of the envious, the malicious and the selfab, who so often trade on the tatents and success of others. But the noblest bird cannot keep the wing for ever, Adda would lead you into just the same folly as the old."

"Do you mean it?" I replied, rather doubtfully.

"Yes, Adda has changed much, the climate of Paris has developed the delicate, lovely plant quite peculiarly, but she is more beautiful than ever. Sometimes I could almost mourn that I see Adda so seldom, but she is a femme du monde; she lives at the pinnacle of luxury, and I am quite a modest little bourgeoise, the life in her house is not fit for me."

I laughed, and the conversation was ended for this time.

I do not know, I had always the feeling that Margot concealed from me much more than she communicated. I almost think that she considered me still in love. She studied and sounded my mood, and the degree of my sorrow, in her sympathetic. and escape the shot of those who aim their shafts for mere sport or for unlawful gain. Of such character are recent attempts made to detract from the just renown of his famous ORIENTAL CREAM AND MAGICAL the American public, and fortunately fir. T. F. GOURATUPS patrons belong to the class of the cultivated, tasteful and discriminating. They can distinguish brass from gold at sight. The stiempt to imitate the floctor's cosmicious is an enforced compliment to the high character of the originals, and instead of diminishing their hold upon the popular estimation only serves to increase it.—In the same way we recolor stream or current is only made. only serves to increase it—in the same as a noble stream or current is only more heady and to rush on with greater by attempted obstruction. No articles pro sented to the public have ever rewarmer or higher encomitums than Dr. T. F. GOURAUD'S preparations. These have been on the part of their niece with Mrs. Blunt as simply impossible. As a consequence I, on my part, began to speak oftener of Adda, and with a morbid eagerness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEVER plead guilty to poverty. So far as this world is concerned, you might better admit that you are a villain.

GOUKAUD'S preparations. These have been fruithed by ladies of nastion, accumic and men of science, including leading members of the medical faculty. These have approved of them on the score of taste, utility and safety. We have finally only to refer to the great depository where these authentice indispensables "are prepared and sold—namely, at the Emporium of Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD, No. 68 Bond Street, New York.

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Saturday Evenius, January 13 1877

PHILADELPHIA PA

THOSE CLUBS.

Many thanks to the numerous friends of the Poer who have raised clubs and for warded them when renewing their own sub eriptions. The look for 1877 is made very cheerful by such efforts. They are coming in by every mail, from all parts of the country, and the pleasant words which acthem are most cheering.

The Post only needs to be known to be the most widely circulated, as it is the best paper of the kind" writes one enthusifriend. We are glad to believe this, and accordingly repeat our request, please tell your neighbors about it. We do not ask our friends to work without remuneration. We shall be pleased to send out thou sands of volumes of choice books as pre miums, in addition to the many already forwarded to those who have earned them. See list on fifth page and take your choice

DEMAND A REFORM

17

Again the whole country is shocked by a disaster carrying suffering and death to a hundred or more victims. A railroad train on the Lake Shore Railroad carrying one hundred and seventy-five passengers, broke through the bridge over Ashtabula Creek, Ohio, and plunged down some seventy feet into the ravine below. In addition to the slaughter caused by the smashing of the car and drowning in the creek, a greater number were burned to death, the cars taken fire from the stoves and lamps. cars having

It may be impracticable to insure absolute safety from broken rails and bridges, but one element of the horror in railroad dis.

asters can be entirely prevented. It is possible to heat and light cars so that no fire will be communicated to the train in case of

There should be at once a universal de mand and stringent legislation compelling this reform. Surely painful lessons enough have been given to show its necessity. It is too much to expect that railroad managers will adopt improvements not demanded by the public; they never have and never will So long as travelers will take the risk of rossting, they will be permitted to do so Now, while the matter is thus painfully present, let there be universal pressure ight to hear, to compel the chi

e use of iron cars would diminish by more than half the dangers incident to collisions and other accidents on the rail. Their use should be enforced. Let the subject be agitated until all possible safety is secured

DAILY AMUSEMENT.

The publisher of a newspaper who does not have at least one hearty laugh in a day when examining the letters which have come in, must be a cynic, or have the blues or his correspondents differ much from those who write to the Powr. There are such queer mistakes, odd requests and singular fancies

For example, here is an envelope inclosing several dollars. No letter with it, no scrap of paper, no name, no clue to where om save the post-mark outside and that too indistinct to tell whether it es from Mississippi or Massachusette To know the writer, we must wait a week or two until there shall come a letter blowing everybody up sky-high, because the papers ordered and paid for have not come

It seems strange that a man should forge to sign his name after writing a letter, co pecially when he has enclosed money, but such letters are very often received.

Plenty of people omit to mention the State in which their post-office is located, and as almost every State has Washingtons. rsons, etc., etc., it's only guess work to try and select the right one.

The above are rather vexatious than anning; there is plenty of fun in the same of human nature exhibited. Here, for instance, is a letter asking whether Mr John Smith, who formerly lived in Maine, hope they will not stop in Philadelphia; is now a resident of Philadelphia. By there is an over supply here now. Our oking through the directory, getting the

addresses of the hundred or more John Smiths who live here, and tracing them all out, we might be able to answer the letter entisfactorily. As this is out of our line of business, we can only smile at the simplicity of the question.

Begging letters are too numerous to men tion. "I have taken your paper for years," in the general apology made for asking something gratis. Publishers may have very kindly feelings for the world in general, and no doubt do have for their animeribers in particular, but they can only laugh at the absordity of the claims often made upon their good nature.
"What do you pay for articles?" is an

almost daily inquiry. When we answer "From nothing up to five hundred dollars," For \$1.50, the Poer 6 months and Mounted the young writer is inclined to strike a fair average and expect, say about a hundred dollars. Usually in such cases the laugh is at the expense of the young hopeful.

We like a good laugh, but as we are re ceiving hundreds of letters daily, there is hardly time to stop for amusement, and we therefore highly appreciate the epistles of of those who write common sense plainly, briefly, and with care to give the Blate from which the letter is sent, as we are glad to say the majority of our subscribers do.

A DIFFIGULT ART.

To rebuke evil-doers is an undoubted substituted to surply the complete the substitute of the substitut futy, but to do it effectually requires something more than indignation against wrong Men are hardened by hot words

for a week. A load of wood here, a pair of shoes there, and a good dinner yonder, will be more than a match for a whole le-gion of blue devils. Try it once.

MODEL COMPOSITIONS.

A friend sends us the following bona fide compositions" written by children at school in an Eastern State

Skating is good to break your neck with. And then have to be sent to the hospital.

And then have your mother crying after
you. And then perhaps die.

BIRDS. I wounse had two burds one of them the (humor) in its bed and the one the cat killed we gut stuf.

THE BURPHANT. The Elephant has no hands, and so he ases his long bill.

HSU-CHIEN-SHEN (Pronounced with a sneeze and two chuckles) it is reported has been appointed Ambassador from China to England. "He brings with him three hundred thousand dollars as a gift of frankincense and myrrh" says a contemporary. Hum-rather a large amount to be all in scents.

A COMMUNICIAL exchange gives the startling intelligence that "dressed hogs are moving briskly to the seabord market." We street cars bristle with them.

THE SOLUTION.

BY MRS &. L. OBERHOLTERS.

And I wonder if it can be The face of the merry lass That used to laugh back at me.

I note the braids and the codla Of a silvered chestout hue, And I ask, are they the spoils Of a golden ringlet crew.

I linger pitying o'cr The lips that were scarlet flame, And the ruses that bloom no more On cheeks that lillies claim.

The eyes—ali, the secret's caught! It is gray, not szure, I trace. The change of vision has wrought. This marvelous change of face. The lass would laugh at her east And the crinkled dirends of go Would tangle the rose and breez If blue was color to hold.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY A THAVELER.

I visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is a brief narration of a fearful adventure which happened to me upon that sublime and desolate elevation.

Having procured a guide, I set off at an early hour on the morning following my arrival in Salzun (at the foot of the extinct volcano), praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

As you push on, ascending summit after summit, on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness, and desolation gradually increase to the most terrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray heaven, with an icy shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scenes of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren.

Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering

pression of alarm. "I do not like to remain here; we may be destroyed at any moment. Let us hasten down and report what we

Let us hasten down and repair what we have seen."
"Nay," said 1, feeling strangely integested and fascinated by the perilous novelty; "I do not think there is any immediate danger, for the snow and ice, as is plain to be seen, have melted slowly; and before I go away, never to return, I abould like to venture into this basin, and look down into one of those chasms."
"Oh, no, master," replied the guide, with nervous anxiety; "do not do it. It might cost you your life."
"At least. I will risk it, if you will agree."

small block of lava, and, advancing to the small block of lava, and, advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance, than to cease because of the stone having reached its destination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had teen discharged far down in the bowels of the carth.

This new manifestation of the powers of nature fairly startled me into a desire for flight; and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a nort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyss. I was thrown down, and, on my hands and knees, praying heaven for mercy, was scrambling over it and upwards, to save myself from a most horrible faire, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without crushing them, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava slid away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down which I looked with horro-estrained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breathe the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomiess pit.

On the horrors of that awful moment:

"Yes," whispered the sly damsel, snatching her hand away and dancing out of sight upt as Mrs. Dornton appeared on the series almost such as Mrs. Dornton appeared on the series as Mrs. Dornton appeared the sly damsel, snatching the hand away and dancing out of sight upt as Mrs. Dornton appeared to the series as Mrs. Dornton appeared on the series as Mrs. Dornton appeared on the series as Mrs. Dornton appeared the sly damsel, snatching the hand away and dancing out of sight upt as Mrs. Dornton appeared to series "Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or rather screamed, that good lady. "As for that shameless husses, will as Mrs. Dornton appeared to the series as Mrs. Dornton appeared to series "Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or rather screamed, that good lady. "As for that shameless husses, will as Mrs. Dornton appeared to series "Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or rather screamed, that good lady. "As for that shameless husses, will as Mrs. Dornton appeared to the s This new manifestation of the powers of

Oh the horrors of that awful moment! On the horrors of that awful momens: what pen or tongue can portray them? There, a helpless but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyas, to be hurried downward by the next great three of trembling and heated anysa, to be nurried downward by the next great three of trembling nature! "Help, help, help!—for the love of heaven, help?" I acreamed, in the very agony of wild

A SENTIMENTAL STORY

Hal was a fellow clerk of mine in a great financial house, and we were great chums. He was poor as a church mouse, but well connected. He lived with his mother in a connected. The rived with his mother in a little cottage in the suburbs of New York. His maternal was a worldly old party, always urging him to marry a rich cousin, one Miss Araminta Tunks. Hal decidedly ob-

down into one of these chasms."

"Why surging him to marry a rich cousin, one ways urging him to marry a rich cousin, one where ways urging him to marry a rich cousin, one ways urging him to marry a rich cousin, one was done on the urgin and the marry of t

"Well, then, tell me what he is to you!"
he exclaimed. "Don't let me die of suspense—of hope deferred. Have I a chance?"
Jessie made no reply for a moment, but
her eyes twinkled with mischief as she slipped off the ring and put it into her pocket.
"The person who gave it to me was the
one I ought to love better than anybody
else."

hand.

"My dear niece," fawned Mrs. Dom

THE DAILY OCCUATION OF A TURKISH ADY.

BY A LATE MISSING IN TUREY.

penae—of hope deferred. Have I a chance?

Jessie made no reply for a moment, but her eyes twinkled with mischief as she slipped off the ring and put it into ber pocket.

"The person who gave it to me was the one I ought to love better than anybody else."

"But you dou't!" cried Hal, with rapture. "You love me better, Jessie?" and he cought the ringless hand and kissed it rapturously.

"Jessie tried to draw her hand away, but he held it fast.

"Say yes, Jessie—that you love me best, now."

"Yes," whispered the sly damsel, snatching her hand away and dancing out of sight just as Mrs. Dornton appeared on the sevie.

"Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or talter screamed, that good lady. "As for that shameless hussy, she leaves my house this very day!"

"Hold, mether, this is my house, and shall never quit it. She is to be my wife and must be treated with respect."

"Oh! oh dear! have you forgotten your cousin Araminta?" sobbed Mrs. Dornton.

"How should I remember her when I never saw her?" ejaculated Hal.

"Wouldn't it be best to see her, then?" by thin a meek little voice.

"No, no! Jessie darling I'll never see her more. You, and you only, shall be my wife, and we'll work for riches."

Jessie shook hor head sadly, and waved him off when he went to approach her. No, Hal, you had better see your cousin, and do as your mother wants you. As for the fast of the most of the finger. A clear ringing laugh burst from her Iyes.

"Why, Hal, I believe you are jealous of this ring."

"I mean you shall never have anything more to do with that person," answered hal.

"No, Hal, you had better see your cousin, and do as your mother wants you. As for the man before she could get it upon the finger. A clear ringing laugh burst from her Iyes.

"Why, Hal, I believe you are jealous of this ring."

"I were have anything more to do with my mother?"

"Your what?" almost shrieked Mrs. Dornton.

"Why, almost shrieked Mrs. Dornton.

"Why dear niece," havned Mrs. Dornton.

"Why alm and the could get it upon the finger. A clear ringing laugh

pleas and straw cultivated as y

The princip corn and sweet garden vegetal well. It does not pay to spend much time trying to cultivate Northern grains, fruits or garden vegetables, and new-comers should bend all their energies towards the establishing of an orange grove; though some corn or sweet potatoes can be raised in the grove while the trees are young.

Orange seedlings begin to bear in from about six to eight years; occasionally, a five-year-old tree may be found with a few oranges on it. Sour trees, or four-year-old about seedlings may be transplanted in autumn or winter and budded the following July or August, and will bear in two years, and occasionally in one. Sweet seedings may be transplanted in autumn or winter and budded the following July or August, and will bear in two years, and occasionally in one. Sweet seedings may be transplanted in the properties of the prop

autumn or winter and budded the following July or August, and will bear in two years and occasionally in one. Sweet seedings, budded, will also bear one or two years sooner than those not budded.

People must not come here expecting to get rich in a hurry. It takes several years of hard labor, and almost constant care, to get an orange grove established and in bearing order; but oh! when the task is accomplished, what a feast to the eye and the palate is a ripe Florida orange. I say Florida orange, because the oranges of this State are becoming justly celebrated for their large size and superior flavor. And if we may believe the universal testimony, a bearing grove is a sure source of profit as well as pleasure to the fortunate possessor. The tree alone is a marvel of beauty from the time the tiny seedling shows itself above the ground till it becomes the majestic full grown tree. And when the tree becomes loaded with the luscious yellow fruit, it is truly a wonderful sight, and I do not think it is strange that so many are coming here from the colder states to engage in the cultivation of this queen of fruits.

The lemon is a fruit, in my estimation, amperior even to the orange, bears in from eighteen months to two years from the time of her mechanished, if we have the proposably first director steps her hars and there see that it penns along the probably first director steps her hars and there see that it penns along the probably first director steps her hars and there see that it penns along the probably first director steps her hars and there see that the possible of the penns in a become stated to the penns and there see that it penns and the penns

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| Application of the second process of

he replied.

a king, I suppose?

wish I was a king, be should and anabed.

The board was spread with sweet bread, blue-made, and goodly rows of amoting disc. Raiph washed its face in a great of the state of the property of the state of the property of the state of

face growing white, 'you surely will not put such an edict into effect without my sanction. Consider that every maiden should have the right of disposing of herself, and I—I—am—"
The color had rushed back to her check;

The color had rushed back to her check; her eyes were downcast.

The king waited frowningly; she looking up and seeing no mercy, ran and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh! your majesty," she cried, and her voice was choked with tears and maiden shaine, "my word has passed. I love and am betrothed to an honest farmer; I would rather be his wife than a queen. Do not force me to be miserable—to break Ralph's heart—oh! sire, be merciful—be merciful."

The king turned his face away.

Middlemarch, Vol. 1.

Romoia. 2.

Romoia. 3.

Romoia of Cherical Life and Siliae Marner.

The Mill on the Piese.

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By Amsales Guillemin.
By Amsales Guillemin.

S

"Maid, these shall be yours—they are received."

"That is one of the prettiest creatures I have ever seen," said a courtier to the king. But his majesty was pale and moody. He had felt his beart bound at the sight of dear Mand, awest Mand, whose hand he had taken so often in his own without one quickening pulse, and he was angry that be had not, noticed her charms before.

"The impulse was strong upon him to call her beard bound at the sight of his rew position, of his courtiers seaded beaside him, and the proceeding seemed undignified.

As he went on his way, however, he sighed so frequently as to attract the notice of his attendants, who smiled at each other, but wisely kept their opinions to them selves, but wheely her tonges.

The king was utterly disgusted at the sight of his Spanish flances. He found her had beard and her proceed his beauth at no part to the least possible advantage, because she had some little project of he sattered the notice of his attendants, who smiled at each other, but wisely kept their opinions to them selves.

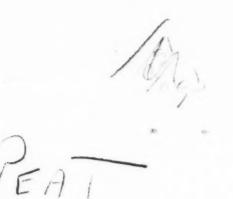
He king was utterly disgusted at the sight of his Spanish flances. He found her had beard at the longitis of his spanish flances. He found her had beard and her proceed her had a courtier to the king.

He had felt his beart all model had for hy throne shall be yours; the hearts of millions; for all will love you. Mand, do not drive not be despair; seldom has monarch so pissaled."

But she stood steadifies.

"I do not prize the splendors, the jewels, or the throne," she said, with a tremulous weether the sought of his new position, of his courtiers seed beasies him, and the proceed in the expense of the splendors and Armor. By M.P. Lacenthe.

"I he still Men and the process of the search other, but weight of his spanish flances. He found her had been proved by the same than the country of the sight of his spanish flances. He found her had been proved by the same than the proving the provest of the victorial Arica Compiled by Hayari Lacenthe bear and to the bar maid for the b correct lines a soon as the early of prayer free in sounds—from the white prayer free in most daily. "As at the region of the prayer free in the daily." As at the region of the prayer free in the daily. "As at the region of the prayer free in the prayer free i



waits, watch in hand, ready to set it to the correct time as soon as the call of prayer re-sounds—for on knowing the right hour de-pends the faithful discharge of prayer five times daily.

lets them, however, go their way, and she will, after a time, tear herself from the gay scene and go off again in her caique to pay some visit. We will not follow her here, visits having been so often described. The khanum may stay on her way home to rest beside some techema, or fountain, for all Turkish women love to sit and sing softly to themselves by the water-side.

Once returned home, the khanum is divested of her outer wraps by waiting handmadens. Again she rests on her divan, smokes, sips coffee, and retails the news of the day to those visitors who have arrived in her absence, or to the ninas and upper calphas of her household. Shortly before the dinner-hour she may expect a ceremonious visit from her husband, and she finds enough in his short conversation to last her as texts for her own during the whole evening. Her children come to be fondled at this time, but presently she sends them away until dinner, whilst she prepares for the prayers at sunset.

As the sun goes down one Turkish day

the whole evaluation of the whole evaluation of the whole was the reply.

As the sun goes down one Turkish day ends and another begins, and the precise moment of twelve o'clock is marked by the sudden quavering cry of the mezzia from the medneh or gallery of the minaret. This moment varies with each day, and therefore the Moslem waits, watch in hand, ready to set it to the correct time as soon as the call of pravesuonds—for on knowing the innes dail.

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Saturday Evenius, January 13 1877

the Poer who have raised clubs and for scriptions. The look for 1877 is made very in by every mail, from all parts of the country, and the pleasant words which ac-

company them are most cheering.

"The Powr only needs to be known, to be the most widely circulated, as it is the best paper of the kind" writes one enthusi-astic friend. We are glad to believe this, and accordingly repeat our request, please tell your neighbors about it. We do not r friends to work without remuners We shall be pleased to send out thousands of volumes of choice books as pre miums, in addition to the many already firwarded to those who have earned them. See list on fifth page and take your choice,

DEMAND A REFORM

1

Again the whole country is shocked by a disaster carrying suffering and death to a bundred or more victims. A railroad train on the Lake Shore Railroad carrying one hundred and seventy-five passengers, broke through the bridge over Ashtabula Creek, Ohio, and plunged down some seventy feet into the ravine below. In addition to the slaughter caused by the smashing of the cars and drowning in the creek, a greater number were burned to death, the care having taken fire from the stoves and lamps.

It may be impracticable to insure absolutsafety from broken rails and bridges, but one element of the horror in railroad dis. asters can be entirely prevented. It is pos-sible to heat and light cars so that no fire nicated to the train in case of a amash-up.

There should be at once a universal de mand and stringent legislation compelling this reform. Surely painful lessons enough have been given to show its pecessity. It is too much to expect that railroad manager will adopt improvements not demanded by the public; they never have and never will. So long as travelers will take the risk of roasting, they will be permitted to do so. Now, while the matter is thus painfully present, let there be universal pressure brought to bear, to compel the change.

more than half the dangers incident to collisions and other accidents on the rail. Their use should be enforced. Let the subject be gitated until all possible safety is secured

DAILY AMUSEMENT.

The publisher of a newspaper who does not have at least one hearty laugh in a day. when examining the letters which have come in, must be a cynic, or have the blues or his correspondents differ much those who write to the Post. There are such queer mistakes, odd requests and singular fancies.

ing several dollars. No letter with it, no scrap of paper, no name, no clue to where it came from save the post-mark outside, and that too indistinct to tell whether it comes from Mississippi of Massachusetta. To know the writer, we must wait a week or two until there shall come a letter blowing everybody up sky-high, because the ers ordered and paid for have not come

It seems strange that a man should forget sign his name after writing a letter, especially when he has enclosed money, but

Plenty of people omit to mention the State in which their post-office is located, and as almost every State has Washingtons, try and select the right one.

The above are rather vexatious than anusing; there is plenty of fun in the for instance, is a letter asking whether Mr. John Smith, who formerly lived in Maine, hope they will not stop in Philadelphia; is now a resident of Philadelphia. By looking through the directory, getting the

addresses of the hundred or more John Smiths who live here, and tracing them all out, we might be able to answer the letter satisfactorily. As this is out of our line of business, we can only smile at the simplicity of the question.

Begging letters are too numerous to men

tion. "I have taken your paper for years," in the general apology made for asking something gratis. Publishers may have very kindly feelings for the world in general, and no doubt do have for their subscribers in particular, but they can only laugh at the absurdity of the claims often made upon their good nature.

What do you pay for articles?" is an almost daily inquiry. When we answer "From nothing up to five hundred dollars," the young writer is inclined to strike a fair average and expect, say about a hundred dollars! Usually in such cases the laugh is at the expense of the young hopeful.

We like a good laugh, but as we are rereiving hundreds of letters daily, there to hardly time to stop for amusement, and we therefore highly appreciate the epistles of of those who write common sense plainly, briefly, and with care to give the *State* from which the letter is sent, as we are glad to say the majority of our subscribers do.

A DIFFIGULT ART.

To rebuke evil-doers is an undoubted duty, but to do it effectually requires something more than indignation against wrong, doing. Men are hardened by hot words hurled at them. The offender is furnished with immediate defense by the injustice of over-statement or angry barshness. The first effort should be to array the delinquent's own conscience on your side, to gain an en-trance to his better nature by sympathising with him in his pity for himself. Let the statement of the offence be plain, but calm. Assume that the guilty one is conscious of dereliction, and do not endeavor to harrow up his feelings to make him sensible of the normity of his offence. Even if he be calous, such a course will not soften, but will render him more hardened. Apparent in-difference is by no means conclusive proof that a man does not feel condemnation for his evil courses. Stolidity is more frequently mask than genetice deadness of soul.

It is not necessary to ignore the guilt in showing sympathy and reaching the inner heart of the man when he is bemoaning his sail fate. Let pity be shown because he is guilty, not because he suffers from guilt. In short befriend the man, and let him feel that you would belo him overcome himself: not that you delight to sit in judgment on him, and are thus, perhaps unconsciously, making his evil the occasion of glorification of your own superiority.

He who was without spot or blemish, was

yet the recognized friend of the fallen, and his life declared that pity, not condemnation was the need and the hope of the world.

CURE FOR THE "BLUES"

In almost everybody's experience, are times when the East wind blows blue and dark visions of disaster which will never occur, shut out the sunshme of life: times cless resolving to be happy is as useless as trying to change the weather by turning the barometer upside down. It is very easy to say of a person so beclouded " its only nervousness; why does he not shake it off?" But the nerve machinery by which comfortableness, hilarity and smiles are turned out, cannot be righted by rough self shaking. A well organized watch would resent such treatment, much more the delicate and intricate nerve fibres.

Too often the wretched man seeks and

finds temporary relief in drugs, opium, whiskey or other excitants only to find his tormentors return largely reinforced from these devil breeding potions, and his last state is worse than his first.

An almost certain relief, and one most

asy of application under such circumstan ces is to employ some one else to be happy for you, just as one would hire a man to do any work for which his own strength is inadequate. There are plenty waiting for engagement in every locality, fully compe-tent to perform it. A bedridden cripple for fee of a dollar or two, with which to supply his pressing wants will be capital help. Such a smile and a "God bless you" as he can give will stir the aprings of pleasure in the giver's soul and make him forget half his trouble's. A poor widow rejoicing in the gift of a barrel of flour will furnish rejoicing for a week. A load of wood here, a pair of shoes there, and a good dinner you will be more than a match for a whole legion of blue devils. Try it once.

MODEL COMPOSITIONS.

A friend sends us the following bong #de compositions" written by children at school in an Eastern State SKATING

Skating is good to break your neck with. And then have to be sent to the hospital. And then have your mother crying after you. And then perhaps die.

1 wounse had two burds one of them the cat killed and one of them dide with a umer (humor) in its hed and the one the cat killed we gut stuf.

The Elephant has no hands, and so he uses his long bill.

HSU-CHIEN-SHEN (Pronounced with a succes and two chuckles) it is reported has been appointed Ambase to England. "He brines with him three hundred thousand dollars as a gift of frankincense and myrth " says a contemporary. sona, etc., etc., it's only guess work to Hum-rather a large amount to be all scents.

> A COMMENCIAL exchange gives the start-A COMMERCIAL CARRIAGE In dressed hogs are ling intelligence that "dressed hogs are heighly to the seabord market." We moving briskly to the seabord market." there is an over supply here now. Our street cars bristle with them.

THE SOLUTION

BY MRS 6. L. OBERHOLTSER

I see a face in the glass, And I wonder if it can be he face of the merry lass. That used to laugh back at me

I note the braids and the coils

I linger pitying o'cr
The lips that were scarlet flame,
And the roses that bloom no more
On checks that lilies claim.

The eyes—ah, the accret's caught! It is gray, not azure, I trace. The change of vision has wrought This marvelous change of face. The lass would laugh at her case, And the crickled threads of gold Would laugh the rose and breeze If blue was color to hold.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

BY A TRAVELER.

I visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just

I visited Mount Hecla, in Iceland, just before its terrible eruption in 1845, and the following is a brief narration of a fearful adventure which happened to me upon that sublime and desolate elevation.

Having procured a guide, I set off at an early hour on the morning following my arrival in Salzun (at the foot of the extinct volcano), praying for fair weather, good luck, and a safe return.

As you push on, ascending summit after summit, on your way to the great and awful centre of all, you find the danger, dreariness, and desolation gradually increase to the most terrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unliving world of chaos, you instinctively pray beaven, with an ley shudder shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

Oh, how shall I attempt to convey to any mind the awful scenes of desolation that surrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla!

Six mortal hours—three on horseback and three on foot—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and now, among the very clouds that rolled and swept around me, I stood in a world of lava mountains, ice and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of blinding white-

mainth, on your way to the great ajor awnit centre of all, you find the dauger, dearting and ally on the most of a black in the most torrible sublimity—till at last, when you do finally stand on the highest point in this unilving world of class, you in strictively pray beaven, with an icy abuider shivering through your miserable frame, to restore you to the life you seem to have left forever behind you.

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1 aurrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla!

1 aurrounded me when at last I stood more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the highest peak of the barren Hecla!

1 three on fisst—had I been clambering upward from the world below; and now, and wept around me, is tood in a world of law and mountains, lev and snow—the lava black as midnight, the snow of binding whiters and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a black or even a solitary in thing, excepting myself and guide!

Far as the eye could reach, when the moustains level and not in all that region a tree, a bush, a shrub, a black or ease to black, ranged blink, anowercovened peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inaminate solitides no high the should be the last of the strength of the should be the last of the should be the last of the properties of the should be the last of the should be the last of the should be the level of desolation—filled with your limited me to see, was a succession of black, rugged hills, snow-crowned peaks, glistening glaciers, and ice-bound streams, into whose inaminate solitides no high the should be should

fear.
"What is the matter?" I quickly de-manded. "Have you never seen this spot before?"
"I have seen this place before, master," he replied, "but never anything like this. When I was here last, there was no hollow here, but only a level plain of snow and ice."

ice."
"Indeed!" exclaimed I, feeling strangely interested. "What, then, do you infer—that there is about to be a fresh erup—

--that there is about to be a fresh crup-tion?"

"I fear so, master. What can have caused this change? You see there is heat below, which has melted the thick glacier, and only a few streaks of ice now remain above the upper part of the sides, while all the centre is gone."

"And the ground has a slight feeling of

small block of lava, and, advancing to the very edge of the chasm, dropped it down, and listened to the hollow reverberations, as it went bounding from side to side, long after it was lost to the eye. The depth was so immense that I heard it for more than a minute, and then the sound seemed rather to die out from distance, than to cease because of the stone having reached its desitination. It was an awful depth, and fearfully impressed me with the terrible; and as I drew back with a shudder, a gust of hot, sulphurous air rushed and roared upward, followed by a steam-like vapor, and a heavy, hollow sound, as if a cannon had been discharged far down in the bowels of the earth.

This new manifestation of the source of the stone had a late of the stone late of the stone had a late of the sto

the earth.

This new manifestation of the powers of flight; and I had already turned for the purpose, when suddenly there came a sort of rumbling crash, and the ground, shaking, heaving, and rolling under me, began to crumble off into the dread abyas. I was thrown nown, and, on my hands and knees, praying heaven for mercy, was scrambling over it and upwards, to save myself from a most horrible fate, when two blocks, rolling together, caught my feet and legs between them, and without crushing them, held them as if in a vice. Then came another crash and crumble, the lava sild away from behind me, and I was left upon the very verge of the awful gulf, now widened to some fifteen or twenty feet, down which I looked with horror-strained eyes, only to see darkness and death below, and breather the almost suffocating vapors that rushed up from that seemingly bottomless pit.

Oh the horrors of that awful moment!

Oh the horrors of that awful moment!

Oh the horrors of that awful moment!
what pen or tongue can portray them?
There, a helpleas but conscious prisoner, suspended over the mouth of a black and heated abyss, to be hurried downward by the next great three of trembling patters!

of the guide—we both struggled hard, and the next moment we had both failen, locked in each other's arms, upon the solid earth above. I was free, but still upon the verge of the pit, and any moment we might both be horied to destruction.

"Quick, master?" cried the guide; "up' up! and run for your life?"

I staggered to my feet, with a wild cry of hope and fear, and, half supported by my faithful companion, hurried up the sloping sides of the crater. As we reached the ridge above, the ground shook with a heavy explosion; and looking back, I behold with horror a dark, smoking pit, where we had so lately stood.

And then, without waiting to see more, turned and fied over the rough ground as fast as my bruised limbs would let me. We reached our horses in safetj, and, hurrying down the mountain, gave the alarm to the villagers, who joined us in our flight across the country till a safe distance was gained. Here I bade adieu to my faithful guide, rewarding him as a man grateful for the preservation of his life might be supposed to do. A few days later, when the long-silent Hocls was again convulsing the island, and sending forth its mighty tongues of fire and streams of laxe, I was far away from the

which has melited the thick glacier, and only a faithful guide, remoily a few streaks of ice now remain above the upper part of the airds, while all the content of the pround has a slight feeling of warmth, too, I rejoined, as I bent down and lind my head upon it.

"Another ground has a slight feeling of warmth, too, I rejoined, as I bent down and lind my head upon it.

"Name" said I, feeling strangely interaction, "Name" and the content of the feeling of the strangely interaction, and the strangely interaction of the

me—"
She brought the ring from the depths of her pocket and attempted to put it on.
He dash d forward and possessed himself of the hand before she could get it upon the finger. A clear ringing laugh burst from her lips.

"Why, Hal, I believe you are jealous of this ring."

this ring."
"I mean you shall never have anything more to do with that person," answered "Never have anything more to do with

"Never have anything near any mother?"
"Your what?"
"My mother, Araminta Elizabeth Tunks,
whose initials it bears."
"What!" almost shricked Mrs. Dornton.
"What!" gasped Hal, as he dropped her

hand.
"My dear niece," fawned Mrs, Dornton.
"I thought you said I was a shameless

"I thought you said
hussy."

"Of course, I didn't know you then,"
"My little wife," cried Hal excitedly.
"But you rejected me for a servant girl, remember. I am Araminta Tunks, now."
"Nevertheless you are my Jossie, always and evermore."

"Nevertheless you are my sessee, and evermore."

Here I will leave them. Of course they married, and abe twits him with having been lealous of her mother, and that she had bought him for her fortune. And he twits her with having played "engaged" on purpose to pique him into loving her. Nevertheless, he finds it very pleasant to give away his cake and eat it too.

LETTER FROM PLORIDA.

BY H. H. PEARSON.

BY H. B. PEARSON.

The Northern part of Orange Lake, where I am living at present, is sinated in latitude twenty-nine degrees and 30 minutes, and was formerly considered by many to be a little too far north for the successful cultivation of oranges, lemons, and other semi-tropical fruits. But a few hours spend in rambling among the luxuriant wild groves of sour and hitter-sweet oranges near the shore of the lake, will satisfy the most skeptical that here is the home of the orange, and in a few years, when the remainder of the wild trees will be budded, and the young groves of sweet seedlings in bearing order, this will be a great orange-producing region.

ing order, this will be a great orange-producing region.

Other semi-tropical fruits, such as guavas, lemons, limes and bananas, also do well. Large and luscious blackberries grow wild in many parts of the country, and the Lawtons, Kittatinys and other cultivated kinds would probably do well, and be a great addition to our list of healthy fruits. Pineapples and strawberries have been but little cultivated as yet.

The principal provision crops here are corn and sweet potatoes. Other grains and garden vegetables in general, do not do well. It does not pay to spend much time trying to cultivate Northern grains, fruits or garden vegetables, and new-comers should

THE DAILY OCCUPATION TURNISH ADY.

BY A LATE MAILER IN TURNY.

Jessie made no reply for a moment, but he reyes twinkled with mischief as she slipped of the ring and put it into her pocket.

"The person who gave it to me was the one I ought to love better than anybody else."

"But you don't!" cried Hal, with rapture. "You love me better, Jessie?" and he cought the ringless hand and kissed it rapturously.

"Jessie tried to draw her hand away, but the held it fast.

"Say yes, Jessie—that you love me best, now."

"Yes," whispered the sly damsel, snatching be hand away and dancing out of sight in the state of the scree.

"Henry I am ashamed of you!" said, or rather screamed, that good lady. "As for rather screamed with the scream of the proceed with the scream of the screamed with the scream of the scream of the scream of the screa

time as he mires, either in the a room or ins rea adjoining, and, the, thankagiving fished, the prayer-carpeta-folded with remential care and put i their wrages, and then both lady a slave creeping to their beds on the fit and sleep early under noft wadded qui or youry-banks have the merit of ke ing off the mists which arise from: Bosphorums which blankets would es absorb.

Bosphorand which blankets would on absorb.

Even theal pillows and mattresses of wool, liths wadded quilt; the fatter not white, some, but has a facing of so bright aby, see coarse musilin, ornoment with a stree, edd-fashioned pattern representing flows or animals of most warkness and positions, not to be found in a canons of r art. The mattresses are colored easy of the same sort of putern, and the for show as well as use.

But weem suppose our lady to have awoke at a and to have passed from he bed to heaven. This is fo very greathing, see is still half sleep, and y mains so this has smoked her cigaret or pipe. I shave at the use time server her some any coffee in a tip cup like a egg-cup, which usually frinks without any property of the same of the day. This first thing is wash he the and hands and as she on toilettead; a slave bring to her dista silver besinor (agen, mad with a passed mound for the forth, o allows of thely's wairly in a stream to the day the six of same witer. With the Turks it should be supported the theory, of the six of same witer. With the Turks it should an obtain the forth, o allower jug, thout her ces being offendes by the six of same witer. With the Turks it should a sould obligation a wash in rule, wateraid they think our way detain. Everthir balls, or Assemble, and the street of the sible.

wash in rules waterast they think on way detects. Brether baths, or he manns are removed to be able to the sale will pet on, and many suits will be brought he from her adjoining harrad, we how-room, and be preed out before her on the other divans of the soom, here being no tables in the partment. Each suit is neatly folded in flown wrapper, and forms a flat pared whit the bare-fooed damajees, or serving-somen, earry dantily and silently on their pen palms, and present with untiring palmes till their capricious mistress does at its make her chice. The gedjadik, or nighthuit, is then ant away to be ironed until the lady at tires herned for the day. Visitos who happen to be stayingn the house set then admitted to clad as smoke whilsthe important business of stanging the had-dress is going on. This equires great siteety, and occupies a largewropordon of se time of dressing; and sour lady has not breakfasted we must appose able is hipping her techorba, or thin bickes brothmade with rice, whilst her ave or a friem is twisting a piece of card-bard in a squee of bright colored game, caner-wise.

The mere dresing of the her is not a long affair, at may ladis weatt cut show and just ressing or the seek; it those who can boast of plentful traces unally plait to each side, and let it ang den the bac when they are gang out. Here is o dressing table before hich the lady c sit at he ease whilst emplement in the back of making and putting on the sead-dress of making and putting on the sead-dress of making and putting on the sead-or of making and putting on the sead-dress of making and putting on the sead-or of making and putting on the sead-dress of making and putting on the sead-or of or the instant they are faunted and to a ticipate the lady's alightest who, lest at

arranged over each bed in summer; some are of plain white net, some of figured net, some of the very finest colored Chinese

net, some of the very finest colored Chinese gapine.

But at noon our lady has again to betake herself to her ablutions and her prayers, and either lofter or after will partake of the first substantial meal of the day, which corresponds to the French second dejeuner. We will not follow her through all the various courses—the tchorbs, and roast lamb stuffed with rice and currants, the endless dishes of regetables, pastry, aweets and fruits, accompanied with bowls of sweet and fruits, accompanied with bowls of sweet sand friends or relatives eating with her (her husband only very rarely joins her meal), she is not obliged by etiquette to remain at table till all have finished; indeed, it would be a great stretch of politeness to remain table till all have finished; indeed, it would be a great stretch of politeness to remain attiting longer than need be in a position which cramps one's nether limbs to a painful degree. The lady withdraws, therefore, as soon as she pleases, and washing the delicate fingers which have been dipped by turns into greasy and sweet compounds, she retires from the pemek-oda, or diningroom, to her saloon, where she again smokes and drinks coffee. This is the moment for her black attendant enunch to come to pay his respects, and know the khamass's plans about going out in her carriage, or esique, or to bring her some interesting bit of gossip.

the whole and know the Manman's plane or to brighe some interesting bit of the state of the stat

the day to those visitors who have arrived in her absence, or to the ninas and upper calphas of her household. Shortly before the dinner-hour she may expect a ceremonious visit from her husband, and she finds enough in his short conversation to last her as texts for her own during the whole evening. Her children come to be fondled at this time, but presently she sends them away until dinner, whilst she prepares for the prayers at sunset.

happily) to suit the mood of the mistrees.

Another favortic way of spending the every finding the every finding the every finding to intend a concert of singing girls, who sit in a semi-circle and account for, a dull pain in the second of transfer in the could not account for, a dull pain in the head and the fort framewine).

Professional players—Armenians, treeks and Syrians—are occasionally permitted to give an entertainment in the harms, and are stationed in a part of the room which is currianted of from the authenness. Such a past midingly, the kianum and her friends nove wearying of the rounantic, chanted love-ditties. When the favy does retire to ber low couch, she will probably seal for a sincy-teller to all near and go of the times the such and the first the best ways to be considered and the such and the first the such and the first the such and the first the best ways to be considered and the such and the first the best ways to be considered and the such and the first the such and the such and the first the such and the such and the first the such and the such and the first the such and the first the such and the such and the such and the such and the first the such and the suc

A DAY DREAM.

new impulse.

A slender, beautiful youth came near—
he tasted the wine—he turned pale, staggered, and was borne away.

The wine was poisoned.

"If this is one of the penalties of station,"
said the king to himself, "I had rather go
back to my ploughing;" but this matter
was not so easy; a king he was, and a king
he must be till be had thoroughly learned
the lessons of royalty.

Why should I give the day's experience,
save to say that at night he was a jaded and
worn-out king?

And as he presessed a doubin consciousness,
he wished from his heart that he could
go back to the old farm and hore potators
again.

A hunt was arranged for the next day;
that the king thought might be a source of

Why should I give the day's experience, save to say that at night he was a jaded and worn-out king?

And as he possessed a double consciousness, he wished from his heart that he could go back to the old farm and hoe potatoes again.

A hunt was arranged for the next day; that the king thought might be a source of some pleasure; at any rate, the hedge of etiquetic by which he was environed would be somewhat broken down.

They were off as early as strict court rules would allow, and the king felt a wonderfully exhibitanting influence as the cool wind blew across his temples, and he saw the early dow glistening on the hills and the fields.

They passed a little school-house. In the doorway stood Maud, looking like a bright rose. The king scanned her curlously.

Surely he had never half noticed her before.

He stopped, smiled, when she turned away, her cheek blanching, and hurried within the school-room.

"Are even the innocent girls afraid of me?" thought the king. "My reputation must have been a bad one. Well, I'll task force her to notice me; of course she doesn't know—how could she'! But I declare, heaver saw that Mand was a parety before. There isn't a lady at court so fresh and handsome."

Presently they were away off chasing the three women also babited regally.

Then came women also babited anysel. Then had been is the policy of the land of the

There was no one there for the scholars had been diaminsed.

There was her seat, however. There was her deak with her inkatand on it, and the pen she had used.

There was her little black silk apron hanging upon a nail.
Oh! how mute but suggestive were all these things! They spoke of her presence. Should he go farther?

Yes, he must see Mand; so off he went, and was passing that identical potato-patch, when he saw a sight that almost turned him line atome.

your beauty. Come, therefore, and share our throne, for we offer you hence able to arriage."

Abashed, surprised, Mand stood looking upon him in strange bewilderment. The king woo her, the peasant's daughter? Impossible; she must be dreaming.

"Oh! your majesty, let me go home," she cried, imploringly. "I am but a simple peasant girl, who, having through favor received a better education than fails to the lot of my peres, your majesty may think deserving of greater favor. Hut, I assure you, I have no wish to leave my hemble home—my lowly lot contents me."

"Your words but make me more desirous to call you mine," replied the king, trembling now with eagerness and fear. "I know your station and your medesty enhances your worth. My word is law, and it has gone forth that the beautiful Maud, the aweetest maiden in all the kingdom, shall be my own lawful queen."

"Oh, most gractous sire," cried Maud, her face growing white, "you surely will not put such an edict into effect without my sanction. Consider that every maides should have the right of disposing of herself, and I—I—am—"

The color had rushed back to her cheek; her eyes were downcast.

The king waited frow ningly; she looking.

The color had rushed back to her cheek; ber eyes were downcast.

The king waited from ningly; she looking up and seeing no mercy, ran and threw herself at his feet.

"Oh! your majesty," she cried, and her voice was choked with lears and maiden shame, "my word has passed. I love and am betrothed to an honest farmer; I would rather be his wife than a queen. Do not force me to be miserable—to break Raiph's heart—oh! sire, he merciful—be merciful."

The king turned his face away.

He was half-crassed with anger at his own. folly—with his passion.

Yet how could be resist that gentle voice, those pleading eyes, and be a man?

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the palace.
This was easily done, for in those days the word of a king was law in such cases, and men dared not sue for justice.
The pretty, innocent Mand was taken from her school and forced away she knew hot whither.
Half-frightened, she was set down by the king's palace, and then conveyed by a private entrance to one of the most magnificent apattments in the whole mansion.
As she stood there, pale, indignant, frightened, yet wondering at the splendors on every hand, several persons attired with the utmost elegance entered, bearing caskets on salvers, which they deposited on ivory tables.
Then came women also habited regally, holding rich browades embroidered with jewels. These they aproad out till every couch gleamed with rare and aparkling beauty.
But poor Mand slood restlems, excited, and unhappy.
What did all those shows mean? All the horrible things which she had read througed her imagnization; also trembled, and tears filled her eyes.
Presently she heard soft music, then doors opened, and the king, magnificently apparelled, entered. Mand started back with fear in her looks, but his majesty gently advanced.

"Sweet maiden," he said, "those who have found favor in the kings's eyes should not shrink in his presence. We have long known your virtues, and offen dwelt upon your beauty. Come, therefore, and share found favor in the kings's eyes should not shrink in his presence. We have long known your virtues, and offen dwelt upon your beauty. Come, therefore, and share found favor in the kings's eyes should not shrink in his presence. We have long known your virtues, and offen dwelt upon your beauty. Come, therefore, and share found the found of the Revandant leaves the share of the Revandant law them. The Prime Minister By Ankhaniel Hawbander Hawbons and other Richard Come and the word of the Revandant law the share of the Revandant law to the strends of the Revandant law to the strends of the Revandant law to the strends of the Revandant law to the law to the strends of the Revandant law to the law to the s

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When it bees I those goods.
Though the world's throuse stood empty in my puble, I would go wandering back take my child-hood.
Searching for them with learn.

Alternative death.

The shadow of a mother's temp grows darker and longer, as the child walks on in the path her care would have amounted.—

Marion Harland.

The tears which fall over a buried lave are not half so agonizing as those which drop upon a fallen living idel.—Mrs. Alford.

We often restrain our best impulses, and sugels weep for our weakness.—Brane E. Bresnier.

NEWS NOTES.

ATTEMPTs are being made to raise the e-blockade at St. Louis by the use of ex-

COLD weather down South—the Chick-amangs river has frusen for the first time in twenty years.

THE reports of some of the Binston savings-banks show an increase of deposits, notwith-standing the continuance of hard times. Owns one hundred employees in the Pen-na. Baitroad shops, in Altonia, were arrest-ed the other day for working on Sunday. Owns to recent discoveries of valuable guano deposits along the Peruvian coasts, the securities of Peru have taken as up-ward turn.

ward turn.

A FIRE is raging in the coal mines at Lykens. Valley, Pa., caused as is supposed by a spark thrown from the lamp of a miner, as he was trimming it. PREPARATIONS for International Exhibtions are now in progress in Cape Town, South Africa and Melbourne, Australia, both to be held next year: Japan, Brasil and Yrance are to follow in their turn.

RECENT despatches from General Crook at the seat of the fitoux Indian war, indicate that the hostile force has broken up into small parties and dispersed, rendering it impracticable to follow with a large force.

UNITED THE THE

7-1-1

5

Till maternal offices of Rev. Mrs. Phebe Hanaford are of a more extended nature than usually fall to the lot of mothers. First she ordained her son to the Universalist ministry, and lately the reverend mother has had the satisfaction of administering the marriage rite to her daughter.

FIVE hundred soldiers and a large number of civilians participated in the centen-nial celebration of the battle of Princeton on Jan. 3al. A sham battle was fought in which the British were unanimously defeated, but they were magnanimously unburt. A few on both sides were shot in the neck by the discharge of champagne bottles. OF the fifty-one railroad companies doing

business in the State of Illinois, during the past year, only seventeen earned more than their expenses and interest on their bonds, eight of which paid dividends. Fifteen companies report deficits, and nineteen are in the hands of recievers. The report ought to make the heart of the granger sing for This death of Comodore Vanderbilt which had long been looked for, occurred on January 4th. Ten children by his first wife survive him. His immence rail-read interests have long been managed by his son Win. H. No violent change in the stock market was caused by the anouncement of his decease, as no change of poticy is looked for on account of this long expected event.

triase Making. By A. San.

It is estimated by a large manufacturer

Nobline in Nature.

By Br Lanoye
Architecture By M. Le.
Ferre.

Of the Human Bedy. By A.

Le Piteur.

The day to the search of the s

BY WILLER H. JOHNSON.

Mortal, toil thy form is bending. On thy brow the care of years; Lines are marked beneath the las Only made by scalding tears.

Thou hast carried others' burdets. Though thy own did heavy lay, Whilst thy feet the thoras were pre-They have trud a flow'ry way.

Phon hast hoped for future blessings. Toiling on with despest pain; Whilst thy hands have plowed the furn Others garnered in the grain.

Shorrow's hand hast pressed thee keenly Wild the throbbing pulses beat; Yet no kind hands cooled the forebead, Wose would stay the tired feet.

In the "home of many mandons". Those shalt lay the burden down; Thou hast home the cross so nobly. Thou shalt sarely wear the drown

EDINA.

BY MRS. MENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. CHAPTER XX.

Now in the course of this same morning, it chanced that Frank Haynor took occasion to speak to his usels about money matters, as connected with his own prespects, which he had not previously entered upon during his present stay. The Major was pacing his study in a groomy mood when Frank entered.

"You look tired, Uncle Francis. Just as

"You look tired, Uncle Francis. Just as though you had danced all night."
"I leave that to you younger men," returned the Major, drawing his easy chair to the fire. "As to being tired, Frank, I am; though I have not danced."
"Tired of what, uncle?"
"Of everything, I think. Sit down, lad."
I want to speak to you, Uncle Francis, concerning myself and my plans," said Frank, taking a seat near. "It is time I settled down to something."
"Is it?" was the answer; for the Major's thoughts were cleavelosse.

thoughts were elsewhere.

"Why, yes, don't you think it is, sir?
The question is, what is it to be? With regard to the bonds for that missing money, uncle? They have not turned up, I conclude?"

uncle? They have not turned up, I conclude?"

"They have not turned up, my boy, or the money either. If they had, you'd have been the first 'o hear of it."

"What is your true opinion about the money, Uncle Francis?" resumed Frank, after a patuse. "Will it ever turn up?"

"Yes, Frank, I think it will. I feel fully assured that the money is lying somewhere—and that it will be found sooner or later. I should be sorry to think otherwise; for, as goodness knows, I need it badly enough. A piece of blasing wood fell off the grate. Frank caught the tongs, and put it up again.

"And I wish it would come to light for four sake also, Frank. You want your share of it, I know."

"Why, you see, Uncle Francis, without money I don't know what to be at. If I were single, I'd engage myself out as assistant to-morrow; but for my wife's sake I wish to take a better position than that."

"Naturally you do, Frank. And so you ought."

"It would be easy enough if I had the

"Naturally you do, Frank. And so you ought."
"It would be easy enough if I had the money in hand; or if I could with any certainty say when I should have it."
"It would be easy enough if I had the money in hand; or if I could with any certainty say when I should have it."
"It's sure to come," said the Major.

Sure." Well, I hope so. The difficulty is-

to eat in it? I'm sure you may stay here for ever; and the longer you stay the more welcome you'll be. We like to have you."

"Thank you greatly, Uncle Francis."

"Daisy does not want to go away: she's as happy as the day's long," continued the Major. "Just you make yourselves comportable here, Frank, my boy, until the money turns up and I can hand you over some of it."

"Thank you again, uncle," said Frank, accepting the hospitality in the same free-hearted spin it that it was offered. "For a little while at any rate we will stay with you; but I hope before long to be doing something and to get into a home of my own. I can run up to town from here once or twice a week and be looking out."

"Of course you can."

"Had you been a rich map. Uncle."

or twice a week and be looking out."

"Of course you can.."

"Had you been a rich man, Uncle
Francis, I would have asked you to lend me
a thousand pounds, or so, to set me up until
the nest-egg is found; but I know you have
not got it to lend."

"Got if to lend."

"Got if to lend."

"Got if to lend."

"Frank, my boy, I want such a sum lent to
myself. I wish to my heart I knew where
to pick it up. Here's Charles must have
money mow; has come home from Onford
with a pack of debts at his back!"

"Charles has!" exclaimed Frank, in surprise.

with a pack of debts at mis nack;

"And would like to make me flelieve that all the rest of the young fellows there run up the same bills! every man Jack of wm! No, no, Master Charley; you don't get me to take in thet. Young men can the steady at college as well as at home if they choose to be. Charley's just one that's lied any way. He is young, you see, Frank; and he is thrown there, I expect, amid a few rich blades to whom money is no object, andeguest needs do as they do. The result is, he has made I don't know what liabilities, and I must pay. Oh, it's all a worry and bother together!"

Not intentionally, but by chance, Frank, on quitting his nucle, came upon Charles, Looking into a room in search of his wife, there sat Charley at a table, pen and intand paper before him, setting down his debts, so far as he could judge of and re-

Frank sat down, and drew the paper toward bigs.

"I had no idea it could be as much as that, Frank," was the rueful avowal. "And I wish with all my heart their wine parties and their fast living had been at the bottom of the sis!"

"I tell the truth, I'm afraid it's more," said Charles, with cander. "Pre only made a guess at the other amounts, and I know I've not put down too much. That tailor is an awful man for sticking it on; as are all the rest of the crew, for the matter of that. I was trying to recollect how many times I've had horses, and traps, and things; and I cant."

"Does Unsie Francis know it comes to

"Does Unsie Francis know it comes to all this?"

"Does Unale Francis know it comes to all this?"

"No. And I don't care to let him know. I do wish that lest money could be found!?"

"Just what your father and I have been wishing," cried Frank. "Look here, Charley, I have a little left out of my five hundred pounds. You shall have the half of ti—just between ourselves, you know; and then the sum my uncle must find will not look so formidable to him. Nay, no thanks, lad; would you not all do as much for me—and more? And we are going to stay on here for a time—and that will save my pocket."

"Well, I hope so. The difficulty is—when?"

"You must wait a bit longer, my boy. It my turn up any day. To-night, even; to-morrow morning. Never a day passes but I go ferreting into some corner of the old house, thinking I may put my hand upon the papers. They are lying in it somewhere, I know, overlooked."

"But I don't see my way clear to wait. Not to wait long. We must have a roof over our heads, and means to keep it up—"

"Why, you have a roof over your heads, interrupted the Major. "Can't you stay here?"

"I should not like to stay too long," added Mrs. Raynor, in a doving tone; that can be met somehow. It is —"

"Abusing a fiddle-stick!" cried the Major, staring at Frank. "What's come to you' is the house not large enough?—and plenty to eat in it? I'm sure you may stay here for ever; and the longer you stay the good in the roots of the wine bills—and plenty to eat in it? I'm sure you may stay here for ever; and the longer you stay the more for ever; and the longer you stay there for ever; and the longer you stay the more for ever; and the longer you stay there for ever; and the longer you stay there are somehow. It is not so much the cost that troubles me, "added Mrs. Raynor, in a loving tone; "that can be met somehow. It is —" she stoped as if seeking for words.

"It's wint you need not have heard about; mother. I take wint you need not have heard about; mother. I take wint you need not have heard about; mother. I take wint you need not have heard about; mother. I take wint you need not have heard about; mother. I take wint you need not have heard about; mother. I take wint you need not have heard about; mother. I take wint you need not have heard about; mother of the wine hills—and himsel hours, and things of that kind. Oh my dear with a longer of the wine hills—and the wine hills—and there is a dath in the sure of the wine hills—and himsel hours and things of that kind. Oh my dear with a longer of the wine hills—and himsel hours and things of that kind. Oh my dear with a longer of the wine hills—and hi continuity; you think all is fair that looks fair; that me poison turks in what has a specious surface. And oh, my boy, you know that there is a world-after this world; and if you were to fail too deeply into the ways of this, is get to love it, to be unable to do without it was might more again. to do without it, you might hever gain the other. Some young lade that have fallen away from God, have not cared to find Himagain; nearer have from Him."

"There has been no harm," said Charley.
"And I assure you I don't often mise the chare!."

"All I assite you I don't often miss the chapel."

"Charley, dear, there's a verse in Ecclesiants that I often think of," she resumed in a low, sweet tone. "All mothers think of it, I fancy, when their sons begin to go out in the world."

in the world."

"In Ecclosisstes." repeated Charley.

"The verse that Edina illuminated for us once when she was staying at Spring Lawn. It was her doing it, I think, that helped to impress it so much on my memory.

"I remember it, mother mine."

The verse was this:
"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy routh, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. will bring thee into judgment.

collect them. Frank went in and closed the door.

"Can I help you in any way, Charley? Unche Francia has been telling me."

Charles let off a little of his superfluous discomfort in abuse of the people who had pressumed to trouble him with the wine bill. Frank ast down, and drew the paper toward hips.

"I had no idea it could be as much ast that, Frank," was the rueful arowal. "And I wish with all my heart their wine parties and their fast living had been at the bottom of the sha!"

"I tell the truth, I'm afraid it's more," and Charles, with candor. "I've only made

Another thing had not been discovered:

Another thing had not been discovered:

nim in for nothing to share his mat-class practice. As yet the benevolent old gentleman had not been discovered, but Frank quite believed he must exist somewhere.

Another thing had not been discovered the missing money. But Major Raynor, anguine as ever was his nephew, did not lose faith in its existence. It would come to light some time he felt certain, and so he never ceased to assure Frank. Embarrassments decidedly increased upon the Major, chiefly arising from the lack of ready cash; for the greater portion of that was sure to be forestalled before it came in. Still, a man who enjoys more than two thousand per annum cannot be so badly off: so that on the whole Major Raynor led an easy, indolent, and self-satisfactory life. Had they decreased their home expenses, it would have been all the better: and they might have done that very materially, and yet not touched on home comforts. But neither Major nor Mrs. Raynor knew how to set about retrenchment: and so the senseless profusion went on.

"What is there to see, Charley?"

The questioner was Frank. In crossing the grounds, some little distance from home, he came upon Charles Raynor. Charles was stooping to screw his neck over the corner of a stile by which the high hedge was divided that bordered the large, enclosed, three-cornered tract of grass-land known as the common. On one side of this common were those miserable dwellings, the pigsties; in a line with them run the row of new skeletons, summarily stopped in erection. Opposite stood some pretty detached cottage-houses, inhabited by a somewhat better class of people; while this high hedge—now budding into summer bloom, and finaked with a sloping bank, rich in moss, and fowering weeds, and wild blossoms—prodered the third stile. In one corner, between the hedge and the bettermost houses, fiourished a small thick grove of trees. It all belonged to Major Raynor.

"Nothing particular," said Charley, in answer to the questioner in a month or two's time. Frank sent his eyes ranging over the green space before lock so formidable to him. Nay, no thanks, lad; would you not all doe as much for read more? And we are going to stay on here for a time—and that will save my pocket."

It was simply impossible for Prank Raynor to see a difficulty of this kind, or indeed of any kind, and not beig to relieve it if he had help in his power. That he would himself very speedily require the mounty he was no rest. It is excitement a long titing a way, was all too probable; but he was content to forget that in Charley's his held had help in his power. That he would himself very speedily require the mounty he was not led to the folly—and in his repentance he did look upon it as folly most extens—was his mother. He loved her dearly; and he had the grace to be ashamed, for her aske, of what he had done, and to hope that she would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that she would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that she would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that she would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that she would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that she would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that he would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that he would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that he would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to hope that he would never know it. A most of more aske, of what he had done, and to have a more of the search of the sear

alvised Chares, and the servants. You be all right again.

Mrs. Raynor did not answer. She had Charles's hand took holding it between both of hers, and was looking steadfastly at the fickering blaze. A silence ensued. Charles look himself in a train of thought.

"What about this trouble of yours, Charley?"

It was a very impleasant waking-up for Of all things, this was what he had of all things, this was what he had and that's the truth," confessed Charles. "And I think the very deuce is in the money. It runs away without your knowing how."

"Well, the tradespeople must wait," said sheeffully; for he was just as gening the said of the world. I too.

"And I think the very deuce is in the money. It runs away without your knowing how."

"Well, the tradespeople must wait," said sheeffully; for he was just as gening the said of the world have been also be would h

the wine bills—flushed deeply with annoyance.

"It's wint you need not have heard about, mother. I came away from Oxford without paying a few pounds I owe there; that's all. There need be no fluss about it."

"I hear of wine bills, and hired horses, and things of that kind. Oh my dear, need you have entered into that sort of fast life?"

"Others coter into it," said Charley.

"It is not so much the cost that troubles me," added Mrs. Raynor, in a loving tone; "that can be met somehow. It is —"" "Whew!" whistled Frank. "A writ?"

"One. And I expect another. Those horrid bills—there are to more the last than the cost that troubles me," added Mrs. Raynor, in a loving tone; "that can be met somehow. It is —"" "One. And I expect another. Those

"When!" whistled Frank. "A writ?"
"One. And I expect another. Those
horrid bills—there are two of them—were
drawn at only a month's date. Of course
the time's out; and the fellow wouldn't renew; and—and I expect there'll be the
dickens to pay. The amount is not much;
each fifty pounds; but I have not the ghost
of a shilling to meet it with."
"What do you owe besides?"

"What do you owe besides?"
"As if I knew! There's the tailor, and the bootmaker, and the livery stableman, and the wine man —— Oh, I can't recollect."

Had Frank possessed the money, in pocket

Mad Frank possessed the money, in pocket or prospective, he would have handed out help to Charles there and then. But he did not possess it. He was at a nonplus. "When once a writ's served, they can take you, can't they?" asked Charles, stopping to pluck a pretty pink blossom from the bank, the twig being bitten away to nothing.

the pank, the mothing.
"I think so," replied Frank, who had, himself, contrived to steer clear of these unpleasant aheals, and knew no more of their power, or non-power, than Charles

did. "Well, then, I think I am going to be "Well, then, I think I am going to be arrested," continued Charles, dropping his voice, and turning round to face the common again. "It's rather a blue look-out. I should not so much mind it for myself, I think; better men than I have had to go through the same; but for the fuss there'll be at home."

"The idea of calling yourself a man, Charley! You're but a boy yet."

"By the way, talking of that, Jones, of Corpus told me a writ could not be legally served upon me as I was not of age. Jones said be was sure of it. What do you think, Frank."

Charley; and I hope you are. Let us go in."

William Stane was at home for these Easter holidays, and still, as heretofore, the shadow of Alice Raynor. It chanced that this same afternoon, they encountered the Tiger—as, from that day, Charles and Frank both called him in private. Strolling along side by side under the brilliant afternoon sun, in that silence which is most eloquent of love, with the birds sluging melodiously above them, and the very murmur of the waving trees speaking a sweet language to their hearts, they came upon him, this stranger in grey, sitting on the stump of a tree. The trees, mostly beeches, were thick about there, the path branched off sharply at a right angle, and they did not see him until they were close up. In fact, William Stane had to make a step or two of detour to pass without touching him. Perhaps it was his unexpected appearance in William Stane had to make a step or two of detour to pass without touching him. Perhaps it was his unexpected appearance in that spot, or that it was not usual to see strangers, or else his peculiar look, with the slouching hat and the bushy beard; but certain it was, that he especially attracted their attention; somewhat of their curiosity.

What a transportation of the properties of th

their attention; somewhat of their curiosity.

"What a strange-looking man!" exclaimed Alice, under her breath, when they had gone some distance. "Did you not think so, William?"

"Queerish. Does he live here? I wonder if he is aware that he is tresspassing?"

"Papa lets any one come on the grounds that likes to, "replied Alice. "It's a stranger. I never saw him before."

"Oh, it must be one of the Easter excursionists. Escaped from smoky London to enjoy a day or two of the pure air of the Kentish Wolds."

"As you have done," said she.

Kentish Wolds."
"As you have done," said she.
"As I have done. I only wish, Alice, I
ould enjoy it oftener."
The words and the tender tone alike bore

The words and the tender tone alike bore a precious meaning to her ear. His eyes met hers, and lingered there.

"I am getting on excellently well," he continued. "By the end of this year, I make no doubt I shall be justified in—In quitting my chambers and taking a house. Perhaps before that."

"Look at that spray of hawthorn." exclaimed Alice, darting to a hedge they were now passing, for she knew too well what the words implied. "Has it not come out early? It is in full bloom."

"Shall I gather it for you?"

the words implied. "Has it not come out early? It is in full bloom."

"Shall I gather it for you?"

"No. It would be a pity. It looks so well there, and everybody that passes by can enjoy it. Do you know, I never see the flowering hawthorn but I think of that good old Scotch song. 'Ye banks and braes.' I don't know why."

"Let us sit down here," said he, as they came to a rustic seat amid the trees. "Afti now, Alice, if you would sing that good old song the charm would be perfect."

"She laughed. "What charm?"

"The charm of—everything. Of the day and hour, the white and pink may budding in the hedges, of the wild flowers we crush with our feet, of blue sky and the green trees, of the sunshine and the shade, of the singing birds and the murmuring leaves, and of—you."

Not another word from either of them just yet. William Stane had let his hand fall on hers. Her head was slightly turned from him, her cheeks were blushing, her heart was besting; it was again another interval of that most sweet and eloquent silence. Aftee had taken off her hat, which hung by the strings from her arm, and her bright brown hair looked almost golden in the sunlight.

"Won't you begin, Alice? The little."

the sunlight.
"Won't you begin, Alice? The little
birds warbling through the flowering thorn'
are waiting to bear you. So am I." And as if she had no power to resist his will, she began at once, without one dis-senting murmur, and sang the song to the end. Save for the birds above them, there end. Save for the birds above them, there were no listeners; no rover was likely to be near that solitary spot. Her voice was sweet, but not loud; every syllable was spoken distinctly. To sit there for ever, and not be disturbed, would be Eden.

"And my false lover stole my rose, But ab! he left the thorn wi' me."

Scarcely had the echoing melody of the last words died away, when the sound of unexpected footsteps was heard approaching, and there advanced into view a woman well and there advanced into view a woman well known to Alice; one Sarah Croft, the wife of a man who was employed on the estate. They itred in one of those miserable dwell-ings on the common, but were civil and quiet; somewhat independent in manners,

With the morning, Daisy lay in great danger. The illness, not expected for a month or two, had come on now. In one sense of the word the event was over, but not the danger; and the baby, not destined to see the light, was gone.

It was perhaps unfortunate that on this same morning, Frank should receive an urgent summons to Trennach. Edina wrote. Her father was very ill; ill, it was feared, unto death; and he most earnestly begged Frank to travel to him with all speed, for he had urgent need of seeing him. Edina said that, unless her father should rally, three or four days were utmost limit of hife accorded to him by the doctors; she, therefore, begged of Frank to lose no time in obeying the summons; and she added that her father desired her to any that the journey should be no cost to him.

"What a distressing thing!" cried Frank, in blank dismay, showing the letter to the Major. "I cannot go. It is impossible that I can go while Daisy lies in this state."

"Good gracious!" said the Major, rubbing his best the state."

The words were broken off moderally. The words were broken off moderally and the second of the control of the c

ga. How insolent they all are ?" exclaimed a garden to the strange. "Their cottages are bad," returned the the young man, after a pause. "Could the young man, after a pause. "Could including be done, I wonder, to make them a life the young man, after a pause. "Could including be done, I wonder, to make them a life the young man, after a pause. "Could include the young man, after a pause. "Could include the young man, after a pause. "Could include the young man, after a pause." "And the lides of that strange man presuming to interfere! I wonder what he means by it is garden to the lides of that strange man presuming to interfere! I wonder what he means by it is garden to the lides of that strange man presuming to interfere! I wonder what he means by it is garden to the lides of the strange man presuming to interfere! I wonder what he means by it is garden to the presume, away from his books and ledgers." remarked Mr. Stane. "It is the way of the world, Alice; people mugi interfere in what does not concern them. Nay, just a few man peaceful seat to linger in; I shall not have you. How delightful it all is it." To morrow I shall have no such pleasant and peaceful seat to linger in; I shall not have you. How delightful it all is it." And so, the disturbing interruption for gotten. Alice let fall her hat again, and they sat on in the ballmy air, under the blut of the smiling sky, with the green folding of the smiling sky is t

With the morning. Daisy lay in great danger. The illness, not expected for a month or two, had come on now. In one mense of the word the event was over, but not the danger; and the baby, not destined to see the light, was gone.

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"What a distressing thing." cried Frank, in blank dismay, showing the letter to the Major. "I cannot go. It is impossible that I can go while Daisy lies in this state."

"Good gracious!" said the Major, rubbing his head, as he was sure to do on any emergency. "Well, il suppose you can't, my boy. Poor Hugh!"

"How com It Suppose I were to go, and—and she died?"

"Yes, to be sure. You must wait until she is in less danger. I hope with all my heart Hugh will rally. And Daisy too."

Frank as the was all the would do so the moment his wife's stage allowed it. He mom



THE FAIRY NEEDLE.

Once upon a time there lived alone in a village in the Black forms and admire. But the which he passessed over others, there was made a living by working or doing choese for ber neighbors, who repeal her by giving har food, and now and then a little money. The head of the statistice of their pocheshooks and stoamechs and choese to do their pocheshooks and stoamech and the statistics of the pocheshooks and stoamech and the pocked to the pocheshooks and stoamech and the pocked to the pocheshooks and stoamech and the pocked to the pocheshooks and stoamech and the pocked the pocked to the pocked to the pocked the pocked to the pocked to

The Countess was overjoyed to see ber, and gave her the money. She then told the Countess the story of the needle, and how it had helped her in want. She joyfully proceeded homeward, and took a path through the woods instead of the road. She had proceeded a good distance, when she heard a rustling, and, looking around, she saw a great stake, already poised to spring on her. Now she had put the needle in her sleeve in such a manner that the point stood out from her. She stood riveled to the apot, through fear, and could not move a limb. The anake advanced and began to creep again a few feet, again poised itself, and darted at the heart of the woman. She gave a shriek, but the snake, on nearing the woman's breast, happened to touch the needle. It suddenly stopped as its fangs were only a few inches from the woman, threw itself backwards and disappeared in the grams.

Gabrina ran home as quick as her tired limbs would carry her to tell this wonder. She found that the story of the needle had preceded her, and the villagers atood in groups talking about the affair. There was another woman in the village who considered herself a rival of Gabrina, and, on hearing the early of the needle. Bad preceded her, and the villagers atood in groups talking about the affair. There was another woman in the village who considered herself a rival of Gabrina, and, on hearing of her success, determined on revenge, and to gaste herelf of this needle. She neared Gabrina, therefore, as she was an other words of his needle. She neared Gabrina, therefore, as she was an war. He plunged into with and desparate on the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into with and desparate on the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into with and desparate on the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into with and desparate of the country of his birth he was at open war. He plunged into with and desparate of the country of his birth he was at open who comes between them.

graded in his own eyes by his private vices and by his literary failures, prining for untried excitement and honorable distinction, he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Girecian camp.

Byron's conduct in his new station showed so much vigor and good sense as to justify the belief that, had his life been prolonged, he would have distinguished birnself as a soldier and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon his delicate frame. The hand of death was on him; he knew it; and the only wish which he uttered was that he might die sword in band. This was denied to him. Anxiety, exertion, exposure and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched hira on a sick bed, in a strange land, amid strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him. There at thirty-six he most celebrated Englishman of the ninesteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career. That his poetry has undergone a severe sifting; that much of what has been admired has been rejected as worthless and obscence is well known. Yet notwithstanding this, after the closest scrutiny, there still remains very much that can only perish with the English language.

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Marriador Prestrytities or our Ances.

MARMAGE FRATEVITIES OF OUR ANCESTOUS.—It may be of interest to know how they arranged marriages a hundred years age. An old paper has the following description bearing upon the subject: "Married in June, 1700, Mr. William Donkin, a considerable farmer of Great Tosson, mar Rothbury, in the county of Cumberland, to Miss Eleanor Shotten, an agreeable young genslewoman, of the same place. The extertainment on this occasion was very grand, there being no less than one hundred and twenty quarters of lamb, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of same, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of antition, and a quantity of beef, twelve hams, with a mitable number of chickens, etc., which are concluded with eight half ankers of brandy made into punch, twelve dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and ninety bushels of malt made into beer. The company consisted of five hundred and fifty ladies and gentlessen, who concluded with the music of twenty-five fiddiers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity.

HERE AND THERE.

THE best way to kill time new-a-days is to sleigh it. An exchange remarks that "a quali on loast is worth two in the bush." To many the path of life is nearly all ten-nels. This is what makes it such a bore.

Mas Pastington says that few perso suffer more from suggestions of the bra nowadays.

Iv shard work to keep your sons in ele-while they're young; it's harder still to be em in checks when they grow older.

HOROOLEASTES— What is the meaning equinon?" Pupil (who knows something Latin derivations)— Please, sir, its Latin nightmare."

nignumers."

"Perran Brand took Miss Magdalen Lauman for a Christmas gift yesterday," is the touching way in which the Louisville Chemies Journal notes a recent wadding.

A RERION in Barba loos resently was closed thus: "My obstinatious tratheren. I find it no more use to preach to you than it is for a grasshopper to wear knee breeches."

for a grassiopper to wear kines breeches.

Bohk to be seeing two or three seminest lawyers gathered together on the site of the New
Law Courts said that they had not to yiew
the ground where they must shortly lis.

THE Danbury News says: "The motien
cook stove is approaching a degree of
perfection which will require a competent engineer, with a stated salary, to run
it."

brokers, and boseed the papers ever any saything good body me;

If was at a revival inscaling; the reem besame so crowded that it became necessary to
procure more asia. There were chairs stowed
a way in the estie, one of the member sevent
up to hand those down, the leader gave quid
the prim. 'Hold the Fort.' The still fleor
consisted of the plastering which constituted
the ceiting of the roune below, of which eircursulances the chair—senior was not aware,
the constitution of the contract of the ceiting
that a down came one leg of the unfortjunde
citair hunter. The centre, however, did not
notice the circumstance, and went on singing:
'Hol my comrasies, see the signal waving in
the sites—reinforcements how appearing,'
etc. Just at the instant the other leg appowers, andthe singing was drowned by the
maring laughter of the congruention.

tions of the Liver like SUHENCE'S MAN-

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